

# Maclean's

JULY 9, 1979

75¢



## ROLLING FOR BILLIONS

**Peter Bronfman's  
spectacular coup**

**Clark's  
first summit**







# The horrifying David Cronenberg

By Noah James

**A**lfred Hitchcock is dedicated to making audiences scream; Canadian director David Cronenberg loves making them squirm. His gruesome *Crucible*, *Shivers* and *Rabid*, as *Canada* has often changed which have achieved cult status among those who desire to be both grossly horrified and delightfully scared. *The Brood*, Cronenberg's current excursion into the world of nightmare reality and dream

logic, promises to take audiences beyond fear, beyond terror, beyond the boundaries of the mind. That it also takes them beyond the valley of taste is a foregone conclusion says Cronenberg. "There is no such thing as a tasteful horror film. Taste kills." Cronenberg



Cronenberg directing members of his brood: the *Brood* or *Blood* strike again

knows his audience does not flock to his films in search of a message or a great performance. They come seeking thrills and chills, and he oblige by getting under their skins and inside their flesh crawl. The star of his first feature film, *Shivers*, was a slimy, phallic-shaped parasite. Passed from victim to victim by French kissing, it made the inhabitants of a Montreal high-rise apartment complex into frenzied, sex-mad killers. In *Rabid*, a bearded skin graft turned porn star Marilyn Chambers into a vampire when a bloodsucking organ suddenly sprouted from her armpit. "Pugs had been done to death," says Cronenberg, "why I was looking for something a little more off-beat."

Physical transformations are featured in *The Brood*—which Cronenberg also scripted—as a city is thrown into panic by a series of bizarre murders reminiscent by vengeful creatures that destroy anything that gets in their way. Filmed in location in Toronto at a cost of \$1.4 million, it stars Samantha Eggar and Oliver Reed and features a flock of young Ontario gymnasts as the creators of the title.

Reed, who has appeared in 82 films and worked with such major directors as Richard Lester and Ken Russell, has

club because they were small for their age. But not enough to sit still through makeup sessions, lasting three hours. Artists glued membrane masks onto their faces and painted on prosthetic makeup to transform their features. Lower lips disappointed, replaced by balloon apertures. They wore blue and yellow cotton pajamas with humps seen inside the masks. The whole hideous look was topped off with white froth hair.

Sometimes the masks were hot and sticky and the stung stung, but apart from the minor discomforts the two-day blood-bath didn't appear to hurt the girls. Only once were they out of the set when a model of one of their faces was blown apart by a decorative explosion made the skull, but a technician said "They immediately turned back after the explosion to see what had happened and just look the gory sight in their stride."

Mark Francis

*Wides and 'Rabid' handle a big Halloween*



## Fun and games on the terror set

**E**ight-year-old Cindy Hardy had to stay at home with a sister the night her film *The Brood* premiered in Toronto because the horror flick is restricted to children 16. So did eight tiny gymnasts from Massachusetts, Ontario (shown by Canada's para of girls) David Cronenberg. To play his grotesque brood.

A child model since the age of four, Cindy earned \$250 a day during filming last December for her portrayal of a girl snatched by the monsters and forced to witness several gory murders. "I wouldn't be scared watching it because I was in it all the creepy parts myself," said a disappointed Cindy.

The girls' career debuts the company concerns. To them, the movie was just a large-scale Halloween party—except some guests bled for Adam's apples. "We had to go for Oliver Reed's throat and knees in the last scene while they kept pouring blood on us," remembers eight-year-old brood creature Krista McElroy. "I thought fun by myself—I was fun."

The movie's last scene involved all the girls and was so realistic that Cindy's mother, Lilian Dufresne, said she and two members of the crew "let apart" while watching and wept. "When all Cindy's screaming, I thought she had snapped for good," she exclaimed. But the second Cronenberg yelled cut, Cindy stopped. And the masked gymnasts walked off the set taking the \$2000 in reward of coin syrup and food coloring off their fingertips.

The gymnasts were chosen from a local

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## Frontlines

described *The Brood* as the most frightening movie he has ever made. "He accepted the role at considerably less than his usual fee," says Cronenberg. "Because he said it was the best script he'd been offered since *The Devils*." Reed plays a psychiatrist who specializes in something called "psychoplasia," a treatment which results in patients being able to change the structure of the tissues of their bodies. One male patient grows breasts, while suffering Sennia Reed's prize patient, plays host to "the brood" by developing an eruptive skin disease which evolves into human embryos.

*The Brood*, confirms Cronenberg, "is as scary as *Shivers* and *Rebel* but much more sophisticated aesthetically. It's also an autobiography of a nightmare. Not necessarily a nightmare in the sense of something you dream while asleep but rather a combination of dreams and insane fears. Worrying, for instance, that your wife will go mad and kill your child, or that your child will be stricken with some horrendous disease." To Cronenberg, the horror film is a nightmare presented as reality. "In real life, you open your eyes and the nightmare is over. In my movies, the nightmare begins when you awaken."

Twice married and devoted to his seven-year-old daughter, Cronenberg, 35, has been a fan of westerns, comics and horror movies since childhood. Given his recurrent personal visions, one might expect him to be rightly perverse

in appearance—afflicted with a hunchback and warts on his nose. However, his reputation belies his image. He may be the Baron of Blood but he looks more like a young college professor, clean-cut and well-spoken. "People," he says, "usually expect me to be as scary as my movies."

Possessing a keen sense of irony and a vivid imagination, Cronenberg turned to film-making while working toward a B.A. in English literature at the University of Toronto. In 1967, he wrote and directed two short films, *Transfix* and *From the Trees*. They were followed by two avant-garde science-fiction horror efforts, *Shivers* and *Crosses of the Pavement*. Running at 65 minutes each, both were highly original and visually striking but too long for television and too short for theatrical release. Consequently, they were relegated to film festivals and college screenings where they generated rave reviews but little profit.

In 1974, Cronenberg went commercial by writing and directing *Shivers*. It was the Grand Prix at the International Festival of Horror and Fantasy Film in Sitges, Spain, that attracted the wrath of Toronto film critic Robert Fulford. Writing under the pseudonym of Marshall Delaney, Fulford described the film as the most repulsive sports he had ever seen, and started the Canadian Film Development Corporation for inventing taxpayers' money in school libraries. *Shivers* paid back its production costs when foreign rights were sold



Cronenberg (left) on 'The Brood' set with Eggar and Reed during our interview

before the film was released. Produced for a mere \$185,000, it has been shown in 38 countries, in 14 languages, and grossed \$3 million worldwide. *Rebel*, made for \$530,000, has earned \$7 million.

The Cronenberg touch is distinguished by a mixture in mood of the physically terrifying and the mentally unsettling. His films are not moribund, allegorical or symbolic but exist to remind us that there are forces in the universe over which we have no control.

Ordinary people in ordinary situations are suddenly confronted by something monstrous. What makes the films disturbing is that they seem so plausible. Indeed, the epidemic of *Legionnaires' Disease* has all the earmarks of a Cronenberg script.

Next to the westerns, no genre of screen entertainment has been as consistently successful as the horror film. Cronenberg's analysis of the function of the frightful is that it's therapeutic. "Horror films are not escape, they are confrontations. They don't take us away from anything, they put us right smack in the middle of the most

dreadful situations imaginable. They have a cathartic effect because they allow us to purge our fears and terrors in the cinema."

Not one to rest on blood-stained laurels, who completing *The Brood*, Cronenberg was also wrapping up post-production on another feature, *Post Cop*, starring William Smith, Claudia Jennings and John Saxon. It's about chaotic drug racing and was shot on location in Calgary and at the *Rimovex* International Speedway last summer.

Cronenberg is not switching gears. *Post Cop* was actually filmed before *The Brood* and offered to Cronenberg because of his passion for collecting classic cars and motorcycles. He owns a Lincoln, a 1968 model Datsun 240Z, and two DeSoto Duster motor bikes. "Four Company's a club, better-than-B movie," Cronenberg says. "Drug racing leads into all 'western' mythology and that's what makes the film work. It's a western, really, between two guys as the drug trip."

Cronenberg is the first to admit that his films are not overwhelming of the highest order. But he is quick to point out the artistic merits of genre film. "There is a creative process involved in these films," he insists. "I'm not a Hollywood man. It is now able to write his own ticket in the Canadian film industry and despite offers from Hollywood, in staying put. "I'm making the kind of movies I want to make. I'm not shaming." □

## A cook's tour of women's art and history

Feminist artist and author Judy Chicago is famous for the red and white dinner party she years ago and \$250,000 creating *The Dinner Party*, a ceremonial table setting celebrating the art and history of women through the ages. Only one art museum in the United States has decided to exhibit it. The museum says the price is too large—4 months at least 5,000 square feet of uncommitted space to be shown properly—and too expensive to transport. Yet the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, The Dinner Party has been churning record crowds. People have been lining up for hours to see it and Chicago's book on the work has sold 25,000 copies in just two months.

"The Dinner Party" with Virginia Woolf's setting in foreground a plate of omelette's own



Written of two: the world, including us, giving in Chicago, celebrated the opening by giving dinner parties on International Women's Day, and letters continue to pour into Chicago's Los Angeles office from writers asking when they will be able to become "serving girls" in their cities. So far they're not at all luck unless they live in San Francisco.

But Chicago is not buying the space and expense arguments—quite admirably she maintains that museums are biased against women's art. "The art establishment spends hundreds of thousands of dollars getting second rate exhibitions of Impressionists and Renaissance art. This is a kind of how dare a prejudice there is against women's art in art museums. People want to see it, the museums can make money showing it, but they won't respond to community demands."

The Dinner Party, as Chicago recently puts it, is a re-enactment of an 18th century dinner party where the cooking. The "table" itself is in the form of an equilateral triangle with 39 table settings. Each set a famous woman from personal, psychological issues to the realities of the present day.

This table is on a bird base on which are written 999 names of other renowned women, although one is reliable by her absence—Queen Victoria, who was opposed to universal suffrage. Each setting includes a plate and a place mat with symbolic and figurative designs suited to each "guest's" life and times.

It is very nice, says Stephen Prosser of Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art. It is the money and space we'll show it without any doubt. But if there are no other factors the National Gallery in Ottawa is interested. Chicago is going to set up her own indoor art galleries with each community raising the money required to show it and finding an exhibition space. Already a Vancouver group of women is trying to raise the money to exhibit it next summer.

However, says Chicago, the light is taking its toll. "It is beginning to look like a dinner rather than a table. It is a real bummer. I'm not going to let it happen in big museums to take it. It's a real consolation, Judy Chicago can surely count on support from the ghosts of the women she has honored." Mark Rodgers

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Frontlines

## The long, lonely fall from the Peacock Throne



A guard of the Cuernavaca Military, the Shah and his wife in Mexico: a bitter man

**C**uernavaca, Mexico, is known for its language school, a stop-off point for Canadians and others who wish to acquire more than a tourist's mastery of Spanish, and its red Roman Catholic bishop—the one who was not invited to take part with other Latin American prelates in last winter's deliberations inaugurated by Pope John Paul II. Now, since mid-June, it has a third claim to fame—the presence of His Imperial Majesty, the Shah of Iran—one that is not exactly welcome despite the \$50,000 or so a day it means in extra income for the local tradesmen, the businessmen and the girls with whom the Shah's bodyguards are accustomed to while away their off-duty hours.

Egypt, Morocco, the Bahamas, Mexico, the patrons of the Shah's aggressive, six-month odyssey, still officially described as an extended holiday, is unchanging. First a reluctant host government has to be persuaded to grant a visa allowing the peripatetic monarch to the Peacock Throne to spend some of his "vacation" there. Then the careful search for somewhere secure for him to stay—the secluded Ocean Club on Paradise Island in the Bahamas, and now a Cuernavaca villa described as a "scintillating oasis." Then the swift flight from the last refuge to the new, carefully orchestrated by Robert Armau, a floor and an endorser man, handpicked by Henry

Kissinger, they say, for the job of replacing the United States' official guilt for letting the Shah lose his throne and not wanting to give him a home.

The Shah goes only where the sun shines. But the shadows are long and deep. While the world's press gales the last shred of gossip it can glean, those closest to the man speak of an almost total incapacity to communicate, an angry, bitter, taciturn man who, in his retreat from power, has retreated far inside himself, a man with whom it is not possible to have normal human contact. His decisions, which he changes often, are communicated to his myrm-

idon by phone. His face, underneath its tan, looks so drawn and tense one feels he would snap if he allowed anything or anyone to creep in under his guard.

His days are monotonously regimented. In Paradise Island, he rose at 5:50 a.m. to watch the Cuban drama, breakfasted and spent the forenoon getting the American and European papers. Sharp at 10 minutes past mid-day he would go swimming from a beach walled off by guards, then after exactly 30 minutes' inactivity, he would lunch in his villa or on the terrace of the Ocean Club except clear of ordinary humanity. In the afternoon, a few rounds of golf alone, or tennis with a trainer. In the evening, dinner and an early retirement, at 9 p.m., to a leafy room equipped with a TV set which received by cable all the U.S. programs.

Quite what part the Emperor Pasha plays in all this puzzles everyone. The Shah has held only one full-scale news conference since leaving Iran in January and, although his wife attended, she said nothing. Where he is a mask—"You can never tell by his expression whether he is content or furious," says his Bahaman "internal secretary"—she is kind and understanding. But no one knows if she visits him during his visits with the TV programs, or what they find it say to each other when they are alone.

Indeed, the most visible aspect of the Shah's presence anywhere these days is his two-dormitory private army. They became more wary than usual in mid-May when the revolutionary Iranian government declared open season on the Shah's life, issuing an invitation to assassins in whatever country he may end up in next (in Mexico he's on a 90-day tourist visa). In mid-June, the head of Tehran's secret revolutionary court said his gunmen had been in the Bahamas but were unable to carry out an assassination attempt. He has since put a \$100,000 price on the Shah's head—available to anyone, including the Emperor himself. She would also be pardoned and free to return to Iran. The Mexican government has now added 46 of its own agents to keep an eye out for assassins. On duty, the Shah's own men, with their Israeli Un sub-machine-guns and pistols and revolvers, keep a tough bunch. Off duty, in their \$900 safari suits and shades, their socks and wristwatches with gold chains, they give a different impression. One gets the feeling that they and the local talent who look after things would run at the first glimpse of any, a Castro, or a tough Red Army faction hit squad. There are some things even the Shah's \$20 billion cannot buy.

Ernie Kirschen

# CanLit's anonymous parent

By Mark Abley

In the *Reflex* of 1901, John Coulter discovered his talent for words. "It was the death of Queen Victoria and our class was given an essay to write. I surrounded the pages with purple and black, for mourning, and inside the purple and black I wrote my little piece about this fat old lady who was on the backs of our persons. I won the prize." He was 10. Today at 91, John Coulter, alone in a Toronto high-rise, works an hard sinner: *Prelude to a Marriage*, his description of his bitter-sweet courtship, has just been published (see review, page 43) and his memoirs are scheduled to appear this fall.

Coulter has been productive all his life. Coming to Canada at the age of 46, he co-founded the Canadian Arts Council, encouraged Tyrone Guthrie to begin the Stratford Festival and played an enormous part in bringing Louis Riel to national attention. His 1964 play *Riel* produced several times on radio and TV, started the "Riel boom" that's resounding to this day. Above all, John Coulter is a dramatist. He has written well over 38 plays, the first of which, *Cometaker*, was published in 1952 (he's also the father of an acclaimed Toronto actress, Claire Coulter). Tall, shuffling, alert, he talks his stories with eloquence and irony in a voice that has retained its Irish lilt. "I don't think anyone can ever guess successfully after their mid-30s," he observes. "I never did feel truly Canadian and I don't now—yet I feel more at home in Dublin or London than I do here." Says his friend John Robert (Canadian *Quebecois* *Coleman*): "The key to John Coulter is that he's always been a little to the side of things here. In us, as to speak, father emanates a young lord that doesn't even recognize his existence."

A Belfast Protestant, born in 1900, Coulter first studied art and design, then became a teacher. But his true vocation was language. Living in Dublin, he often stayed at the Martello Tower near the city: made famous by Joyce in *Dymally*. In 1918, Coulter published *Note on the Formation of a Drama League* in *Dublin*. "We might succeed in founding a native school of drama," he



Coulter today and below: a Dublin poster, at 91, just two more books this year



wrote then, just 20 years later he would claim in *Saturday Night*, "A hundred Canadian plays are waiting for Canadians who will write them."

In 1908, with Ireland embroiled in civil war, Coulter moved to London, soon to begin a variety of jobs for the fledgling *TBC*. It broadened his plays; it also broadened his literary reports. For several years he was managing editor of one of England's finest literary magazines, *The New Adelphi* (successor of its content *Second Thoughts on Democracy* by T. S. Eliot, *Western in Europe* by Carl Jung). But in 1928 Coulter met a young writer from a wealthy Toronto family, Olive Clare Primrose, and eventually they fell in love—a turbulent trans-Atlantic romance brought to life in *Prelude to a Marriage*. At her death had been good, he might never have come to Canada. When he did arrive in 1936, the doctors promptly forbade his bride, suffering from TB, to leave. "It was a very hazardous thing, cutting my life off over there, and I was quickly disillusioned with the emigrants, so it

seemed to me, compared to what I'd left in London." Indeed, *Master Moore*, head of the Canada Council, has said "His basic tragedy was that of the uprooted man."

The marriage was a happy one, and Coulter quickly knew a modernism of national identity. He was in the *Quebec* film was almost every award at the 1968 Dominion Drama Festival. His daughter Primrose (herself a writer) was born in 1938, and Clare followed in 1942. "I'm as close to my daughters as I can be without being actively incontinent," he says, a gleam in his clear blue eyes.

He had seemed, for a while, on the brink of fame and fortune. In the '60s—besides publishing a novel, a biography of Churchill, a book of poems and several plays—Coulter wrote the libretto for two operas by the Canadian composer Healey Willan. In 1963, Laurence Olivier took an option to produce Coulter's *Shore, My Pretty One*, he compared its dark power to that of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*. "But he never put the play on," says Coulter now. "I can only surmise that he saw so part in it for him and so part for his wife, Vivian Leigh." Other plays met with less glimmer and more lack. His adaptation of the Russian novel *Onegin* has been translated into more than a dozen languages. Coulter keeps an *Onegin* copy on his capacious bookshelf. Yet it's scarcely known in Canada. Coulter has his suspicions why. "Obdurate himself is a national figure of inaction. All his ideals are the reverse of the go-getting attitude on this side of the ocean—so it wasn't understood at all."

His Louis Riel, by contrast, is both a dresser and a fighter. "The tragic hero at the heart of the Canadian myth," Coulter has written (three Riel plays *The Crown of Louis Riel* and *The Trial of Louis Riel* [now being performed for the 12th consecutive summer in Regina] were products of the '60s, but his original *Riel*, conceived as an epic pageant, was written 36 years ago. "I speak a great deal about my hand over the Riel, and never as a great hit," the radio production. In 1949, Louis Riel was not a household name, and Coulter recalls asking the local libraries at the University of Toronto for advice. "Dr. Wallace went red as a tomato and said, 'You don't mean to tell me you're going to bring it so surrounded in public notice, do you?'" Coulter plays contempt for the CBC's latest treatment of the story, a two-part popularized version seen in April. "A Canadian western. They should not have done it. It was set up to supply the market for the States. It applied and totally mistaken."

As for Coulter's general neglect in his adopted homeland, *Combe* advances two explanations. "John wasn't in there slugging with the young producers. He's expected them to come to him. And his work does hark back to an earlier era, that of national radio and little theatres." It belated recognition of Coulter's written to Canadian theses, the Association for Canadian Theatre History granted him an honorary membership in May, the first

time it has given such an award. "Bitterness," John Coulter says quietly, "is the sin you must not commit against yourself, or it will seep into all you do." The wife died in 1971, "and for a time I didn't care what happened." Yet now, having finished a new play, *Talking of Love*, he has resumed the editing of his wife's extensive journals. It's as though in the solitude of age Coulter has become heroic, he will not go gently into that good night. ☐



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Circle 11

## God cure the Queen

I enjoyed it so much that brief segments of Allan Fotheringham's column *The Two People People's W's Convergence: How Nothing to Do with Hilarious or Tired* (June 11) warranted re-reading. That's a first! And, since even in 1978 and even in Canada, charitable contributions de cetera, it is good to have identified what crippled the United Kingdom.

LYNN M. CARBER, CALGARY

## The brain chains

This being the International Year of the Child made *What Johnny Can't Read* (June 11) doubly disheartening. At a time when much is made of children's rights, no attention seems to be given to a very fundamental children's right: the freedom of intellectual discovery. Parents have a definite right to some control over what their children read to self, but I feel that they have no right to impose their prejudices on a child's mental growth. At some point in life a young person will be confronted with ideas different from those he was brought up with. Surely it is better to teach him to deal rationally with such things. People have a right to teach their children what they believe is good and true, but as children grow they have an equal right to explore and choose from alternate beliefs. Lately there are a number of citizens' groups trying to impose their values on the rest of society. Clearly, this is dangerous. Religious fundamentalists are entitled to believe in creation rather than evolution but they are not entitled to force that belief on anyone else. Parth's column's beliefs is a free thing, but often that same faith can lead to intolerance of anyone else's.

NORMAN SHIMON, CALGARY



Tiger sure sign of an optimistic nature

Surely, people are not always very of this. The purpose of education is to dispel ignorance and prejudice, not to foster them. If adults are to do their job, they should be independent of bigotry like Norma Gabler, Ignorance, after all, is a form of deprivation, too. To put shackles on a child's mind is as much a violation of children's rights as malnutrition or physical abuse—and equally harmful!

FRANCIS MATHIAS  
NEW WATERFORD, N.S.

## Thumbs up!

I was fascinated by the photo of Laurel Tiger which accompanied the box *The Tiger's Tale* (May 28). The biology of Tiger goes no mystery to students of the ancient art of chiromancy (palmistry). The top joint of Tiger's throat

beats back at more than 90 degrees, a sure sign of a happy, adaptable, optimistic nature. Extravagance and lack of serious persistence are associated traits, as well as other symptoms of a relaxed, non-upset personality. Stuffed readers may console themselves with the knowledge that the real work of society is done by people of their ilk. All the stuffed-chamber people usually achieve is a lot of fun and laughter.

ANDREW FITZGERALD, EDITOR,  
PALMISTRY INTERNATIONAL,  
QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA

In *Happy Days Are Here Again* (May 28) I found it frustrating when I read Laurel Tiger's statement: "Perhaps the promises of Marx, Mahomed, Jefferson and Jesus are ennobled not in vision but in chemistry." Is reference to the substance, beta-endorphin, becoming enthusiastic about the possibilities of obtaining happiness through chemistry is a disgusting step into the Brave New World. It appears that Mr. Tiger looks forward to a world where happiness can solely be obtained by popping a pill. The prospect that this idea could win converts through Tiger's books is indeed cause for pessimism.

JOHN CHENDEL, COCHENCHER, ONT.

## Act of the heart

I do not consider the article "We Had to Eat Him and We Did" (June 11) responsible journalism. To resort to sensationalism must be one of the most heartrending decisions a human being could ever have to make. Why must the agony of survivors be announced for the entire world to share or condemn?

LOIS A. LAYCRAFT, PARSONWOOD, N.S.W.

## Letters

### The new pornography

I am offended by your presentation of Joan Armstrong (*People*, June 11) as a smoker-wearing, man-hating feminist. Part of the tragedy of figures in public life is their vulnerability to being taken lightly. A further tragedy is the proliferation of the kind of journalism wherein (as quote Woody Allen) gossip becomes the new pornography. I suggest that you later, with eyes and mouth shut, to Armstrong's lyrics, music and voice, and reserve comments to the artistic merit of the performer, rather than dwelling on the transiency of smokers and onstage loons.

CHRISTINE O'NEILL, OTTAWA

### Pot out of luck

A university student these days faces a hydra of frustrations and the irksome comparison the media insist on making between this generation of students and our former-power generation. By comparing one decade of students to another under specific circumstances to another generation of students with different problems, a total gap of misunderstanding has opened up. First, the public was convinced that the university students of the '70s swallowed apathy in a swamp of serenity. Now, your article *The Class of '79* (June 11) suggests that we are not really apathetic but serious, frightened and right-wing. When it comes down to the bottom line, university students know implicitly that there is no viable way to stay safe and select the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow if they choose the right program. Those students picking up programs like stocks in an attempt to graduate from the most commercially accessible program offered at their university are not unaware of the slim chances they have of getting a job because they have a degree. The worst thing any nation can do is squander the energies and potential of its youth.

H. LOVICK, THUNDER BAY, ONT.

I would like to compliment Jane O'Hara on her perspective, if somewhat disconcerting, analysis of the graduating class of '79. The juxtaposition of the idealistic militancy of the 1960s and the cautious self-concern of the late 1970s accurately and subtly reveals that the dreamers of one generation have given way to the pragmatists of another. It is clear that today's students have a greater need to look more closely into their immediate economic future, but it is not at all clear why this must be done at the cost of political and social awareness. Today's students, being fully aware of the situa-

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## Letters

tion in which they find themselves, should attempt to shape their education in such a way as to guarantee their social and political as well as their economic future. That opportunity never presented itself to those of us who found ourselves caught right in the middle of the transition from the New Left to the New Right. Perhaps that deeper generation of students to which I belonged never carried the torch of idealism as high as our older brothers and sisters, but neither did we allow it to be extinguished totally.

JOHN MULLEN OTTAWA

### One pilgrim's progress

Does anyone else get tired of Alison Fotheringham's "book remarks"? The recent comments on Ottawa in *Was 24*, *Summer Breezes*, *For Tomorrow* and *Thou Shalt Go Home in the Night*? (June 18) made me seethe. I just returned from that class, class city, and was impressed with its beauty and the kindness of its residents. Every day of my visit a stranger put himself or herself out for me—unbelievable. I fell in love with Ottawa and very much resent Fotheringham's actions.

BARBARA ALLEN, VANCOUVER

### The grapes of academe

As women's commissioner at the University of Toronto, I would like to correct some of the misrepresentations made by Barbara Amiel in her column *Commentary or Caricature? A Simple Dictionary Cure for the S-R Syndrome* (June 4). Ten per cent of all respondents to our survey have been harassed, not 50 per cent of all female graduate students. The figures for this group are much higher. That only two of these students have taken their case to the ombudsman only indicates that sexual harassment has not been publicized enough. Many women on campus are not aware of the mechanisms available to them in order to deal with this problem. Furthermore, Amiel has missed the real issue entirely. It is not the numbers of percentages of women who have experienced harassment that are important, but that it occurs at all. No one should be placed in the situation of being asked to bargain with their sexual-ity for grades. That a professor should use his/her position to influence a woman's academic standing is a situation that should not be tolerated.

DAUNNE WINTERKUTE  
WOMEN'S COORDINATOR  
STUDENT ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
TORONTO

## Frontlines

### The little summer job that grew

Greg Clark is the ultimate inspiration for every college kid who has to sweat out the summer trying to make enough money for next year's tuition, textbooks and the occasional glass of beer. In 1971, while Clark was studying business administration at the University of Western Ontario, he found himself without a summer job. He got together with a couple of friends and they spent three months painting houses in Thunder Bay, where their families lived. Clark made \$2,000. The following year, he expanded the business by hiring eight other students to



Clark (left) and his students on the job. \$2 million last year for part-time

work for him—and he made \$8,000. In 1973, when he was 20 years old, Clark had 15 workers and his summer take was \$23,000.

Clark graduated from Western with an honors business degree in 1975 and he took his summer job with him. Today he's the president of College Pro Painters Ltd., with more than 400 students working for him in Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia plus a branch office in New York state where he is selling the American market. Gross income this year will be \$2 million, up from \$1 million last year, and Clark, who is all of 26 years old, gets 10 per cent.

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Clark: getting right down to business

When he graduated, Clark left the Thunder Bay business with his brother, and went off to wander the world for a year. Then he joined General Foods in Toronto and, over 2½ years, rose through five promotions (and five raises) to become product manager of Banks coffee. During his spare time he reimagined College Pro Painters. He recruited a manager and painters from Western and put them to work in London in 1975; the year he started with GP. In 1976, he added a Mississauga branch and, by 1977, he was ready to take on the business full-time, so he set up shop in Toronto.

All but a handful of Clark's employees are university or high-school students and they work from May to September. The managers of the 20-odd branches begin earlier in the season, with 60 hours of training spread over three weekends in the winter. They study business planning, marketing, personnel and accounting, and their text is a three-inch thick, loose-leaf binder which Clark wrote and revises every fall.

The painters get an hourly wage of roughly between \$4.50 and \$6, depending on speed and skill. Clark claims his price is always always lower than the competition's and his pay-people is one reason—unhappy painters make twice as much. The branch managers work for a share of the profits. On average, Clark says, this is between \$2,000 and \$10,000 for the summer.

He runs the story of McDonald's restaurants as a sort of bible of business success, and he has a large, new sign outside his small, old office in midtown Toronto, that says, "College Pro Painters, World Headquarters", and underneath, adds "Over 5,000 houses painted." Says Clark, "We're going to update the numbers every month."

Clark Tavares

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World

# The summit of their discontent

By Roy MacGregor

They sat in the gaudy conference room of Tokyo's Akasaka Palace, while down droning above them in a ceiling painting taken from the Japanese Noh play *Haguro*, a poor fisherman who chooses upon an exquisitely suited goddess as the steps on earthy swine. To gain power over her, Hakuryu steals the goddess' robe from a nearby pine tree—only to have her lure it back from him with some rather seductive choreography. It is a simple story with a straightforward message: if you get caught with your pants down, you may as well try and dance your way out of it.

That was a sentiment worthy of those who gathered in Tokyo last week for the fifth annual economic summit involving the seven major powers of the non-Communist world. Two of the leaders—French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt—had been involved since the first such gathering in Rambouillet, near Paris, back in 1975. United States President Jimmy Carter and Italian Prime Minister Giulio Andreotti had attended the past couple, while the three others—Japan's Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira, British



Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Canada's Joe Clark—were all new and untested.

The seven represent a mere 15 per cent of the world's population, 300 million citizens, but they control 55 per cent of the world's economy and consume a startling 60 per cent of its available oil. And it was because of that last figure that the Tokyo summit was unlike its predecessors in France, Puerto Rico, Britain and West Germany.

With just irony, a simultaneous meeting was under way in Geneva among the 13 members of the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries (Opec) and that group's decision to raise the price of oil to at least \$15 a barrel meant that the "very noisy storm cloud," U.S. Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady mentioned had farcical recently were suddenly overcast.

For both days of the summit, it rained. Then, just before the leaders left the Versailles-inspired palace in Sully-sur-Loire, north-west of Paris, the rain stopped. With all the forced symbolism of a Japanese move, the black cars strolled over wet roads while the clouds began breaking overhead. And by the time the summit was managed around for the press conference, there was actually some light in the sky.

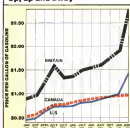
MacDonald, Clark, Ohira, a naked goddess

Yes, just before the leaders left the Versailles-inspired palace in Sully-sur-Loire, north-west of Paris, the rain stopped. With all the forced symbolism of a Japanese move, the black cars strolled over wet roads while the clouds began breaking overhead. And by the time the summit was managed around for the press conference, there was actually some light in the sky.

It was a different statement, so unlike the one three years ago in San Juan, when energy warms a few words. This time out, the seven leaders promised to:

- Reduce oil consumption considerably.
- The four European nations are pledged to reach 1985 importing no more oil than in 1976 (the promise of North Sea oil should mean those nations will be less dependent on imported oil anyway).
- Japan, the U.S. and Canada have separate plans to conserve energy.
- Set up a reviewing agency which may permit "tight adjustments."
- Move toward registering international oil transactions, undoubtedly hoping something to end the profiteering that has recently had oil selling for up to \$40 a barrel on the spot market in Rotterdam.

### Up, up and away



Source: annual adjusted in Canadian dollars, based on prices. Note: includes oil and gas taxes. U.S. prices are in dollars. Prices shown are for regular unleaded gasoline. Prices shown are for regular unleaded gasoline. Prices shown are for regular unleaded gasoline.



- Move toward world prices for domestic oil. Canada, for example, maintains a domestic price of only \$18.75 a barrel, which is why gasoline is less than a dollar a gallon in Toronto and around \$9.79 a gallon in Tokyo.
- Not stockpile oil unnecessarily, thereby creating temporary shortages and raising the price.
- Concentrate more fully on alternative energy sources, such as coal, with appropriate

Talks in progress: 'very early stage' oil deals

pathway for the environment, and nuclear power, with safety in mind.

- Try to develop more technologies through the establishment of an international energy technology group, perhaps with its own financing.
- Put "special emphasis" on helping developing nations—such as Turkey, which spends more on oil alone than it

spends on total experts—develop and exploit their own energy potential.

There were, of course, other points. The nonmainstream spokes of new initiatives were tilted to oil, naturally, even over windmills, trouble in the monetary system and worries for the developing nations. But energy so dominated the discussions that it made the leaders' expressions of concern for the impoverished seem mere platitudes. By the end, even they were calling it the "energy summit."

"We deplore the decisions taken by the recent OECD conference," the leaders said in their statement. But the price increase was hardly unanticipated. It was, however, the latest link in a chain that has been multiplying since Iran turned away earlier this year. Difficulties in that country have removed 1.5 million barrels of oil per day from world supplies. As well, the 60-per-cent increase in world oil prices in 1979 alone will cost industrialized countries an estimated \$60 to \$80 billion more this year.

If that weren't enough to frighten the seven who went to Tokyo, there were always the thoughts of Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani who, only the week before, had pegged 1980 as the year of the energy apocalypse. Considering the summit took place just after gasoline-hungry car owners had rioted in Paris (see page 156), the warning seemed well warranted.

The Europeans arrived in Tokyo fresh from a European Community summit in Strasbourg, where they had agreed to hold their total oil imports at 1978 levels through 1985. What they hoped was that the other three coun-

## Waiting for the fall that never came

When the prime minister got lifted off

short Tokyo's Harvard report Saturday afternoon marked the 40th day since the last Liberal election advertisement. In fact, Joe Clark's perennial interviewment for Canada's international public while some of those 40 days since have indeed been spent in the wilderness—the world's own, appropriately concerning the Holy Land—did cancel now he said that the short history of Clark's stewardship could be written in a single note.

The Tokyo summit was seen as Clark's first disgraced test, and that the Tories were much concerned could be seen the recent the Canadian Forces leaving 700 U.S. troops. Everyone's hyper, and as Clark's. The world's out not to say anything because it might not be interpreted right. "Such interpretation was given to the case of 30-odd journalists—Canada sent news statements to Tokyo than anyone but the Americans—and they set out with versions of Clark's speech around the world top in January during the 'Tues' test but, too, had been in Japan.

Clark and his two associates—Finance's John Crosbie and External Affairs' Flona MacDonald—scored declined to give minor and uninteresting roles. As the sum-

mit's progress, and several leaders. Clark said he saw his prime minister leaving earlier than anyone else and he tried to take his hand off it by sticking up on light escape lockout during a tussle in power in Vancouver. That Canada was determined to take a lesser role than the oil-o-sable Prime Trudeau had taken in previous summits was summed up by Crosbie, who told Macdonald: "We're a fly-by-night operation compared to those other countries. I really don't expect Canada to take the initiative on anything."

The problems, however, underlined Clark's role. With the Organization for Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) gathering in Geneva to push the price of oil up to \$18-\$23.50 a barrel, some of the energy-power countries of the seven-nation summit were beginning to fear that Canada as a bit of a self-serving link. Not only did Clark represent the world's largest gas-capable energy leader, but his country appeared to have inherited by the International Energy Association (IEA) will self-sufficient to the tune of 100.9 per cent. There was bound to be arm-twisting. And when people thought at international strength they thought of the Atlantic and the Pacific at Paris Trudeau before they thought of Joe Clark, who may well believe economics is a type of magic.

The Wimp Warrior—as the Clark press came to call him during the campaign—lived in the Sakura Room of the New Clark Hotel and stayed for the last but never came. Not only was Clark seldom seen (and then usually on Japanese television) but the delegation of the Japanese security

hatched such a team that one reporter was actually reduced to tears.

Short glimpses of the prime minister were available as he came and went from bilateral meetings, as he stroked the grounds of Anasaku Palace and as he talked amiably with two princesses at the imperial banquet—and there, these and many other details of the summit seemed easy. The one time his appearance uncomfortable was during his meeting with West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, a stern man who could tolerate a cable and a Clark who admitted the new prime minister was "apocryphal."

During the usual summit meetings, however, Clark was tied to be tough and involved. His two ministers, Crosbie and MacDonald, also performed well. MacDonald's decision two weeks ago to accept 2,000 more Indo-Chinese refugees brought in have given a gentle nudge to the summit's declaration of the refugee problem.

As for politics, they were left this time to others. The press made one, when Clark's immediate small-talk reference to U.S. General Douglas MacArthur (who killed the Japanese emperor after World War II) was taken for a major diplomatic blunder. In fact, MacArthur is held in extremely high regard. The other side came from Clark's press staff. When several socialist journalists were invited to a closed Tuesday night session with the prime minister, Clark spoke briefly about his reluctance to accept the European countries' demands that Canada sell specific stages to be oil import reduction and he also admitted his intentions to raise the price of Canadian oil toward world markets. There were the two major Canadian news stories of the summit and the journalists (present—mostly columnists and commentators—were given permission to use the material as background as long as Clark was not criticized. When the lead news reporters learned about the meeting, they were naturally fazed. In the end, two press advisers André Payette admitted his error and a tape of the session was played for the others. But it marked the new administration's first outing with the press, which also seemed briefly about the support staff's obvious feelings.

With little exceptions, the two staff was judged unimpressive, but none of that concerned Clark directly. Judgments on the new prime minister targeted from an unexpected, arbitrary official, who would show only that at least he's a girl some one talks to. He told Payette, the delighted wife at Clark's hotel who will forever remember that Clark "let everything he said."

The diplomatic corps were obviously impressed with him, as were the other leaders in attendance. The Tokyo summit was a definite diplomatic victory for the new leader.

Ray MacGregor



## 'Welcome to the seat of power'

Not long ago Canada's new energy minister, Ray Hnatyshyn, complained to a reporter about the effect of the pressures of office on his new headquarters. Unimpressed, the reporter merely asked him a package of Preparation A with the message: "Welcome to the seat of power." That seat was uncomfortably warm last week as Hnatyshyn's office in Ottawa wrestled with the implications of Finance Minister John Crosbie's Tokyo statement that current world energy reserves made it pretty obvious "that Canada's security \$1 increases every six months in the price of a barrel of domestic oil would not be sufficient."

The basic price, even an increase as low as \$2 every six months would show inflation back into double digits—for the first time since 1974. Before the introduction of wage and price controls—hurting industry and adding to the jobless line, but something of that sort will probably be on the agenda when Joe Clark's minor cabinet meets in the cool mountain air of Jasper

Park in August to clean up after Clark's pricing spree last week.

All Hnatyshyn would say was that the government's plans would become obvious over the summer. "But behind the scenes, energy officials were quietly scrambling to make a straw of a bewildering set of alternatives ranging from speeding up development of oil sands projects in Western Canada to lowering highway speed limits imposing a mandatory limit on winter thermostat set points putting higher heat index prices on oil and the going domestic rate.

Over a conservation can call back on oil consumption however domestic prices will rise. International solidarity aside, the federal government can no longer afford to keep skimming this \$9 difference and the going domestic rate.

The key decision, how much? As Liberal Treasury director at economics of it such months, with a view through the energy system if you drive too fast, you'll freeze the country into a recession." The cabinet's options, therefore, were slim—the margin for error nonexistent. Altogether, an unhealthy situation for the country, as well as Hnatyshyn.

they would follow suit, and they made it clear that they would be persistent in their bargaining. France's Giscard d'Estaing even sent a personal note to summit chairman Chirak requesting that energy be given top priority.

The French president also arrived with a broad-based, 27-point energy-saving plan at work at home, an assertion that the Americans were not doing enough to save energy and a firm conviction that agreeing on anything less than a set of precise guidelines for reducing consumption would be "ineffectual." Thatcher was also talking tough, directing a Monday night interview at Jimmy Carter by saying, "Look, this is what we're doing. Now if you don't do your job, then the position will still be as bad as ever."

The tough talk caught the other three countries by surprise. "They put the heat on us," admitted a Canadian official. Canada had originally planned to play a small part in the Tokyo drama (see box, page 10), but suddenly found itself in a vague no-man's land between the Europeans and the U.S. and Japan. The Americans, with inflation running at 10.4 per cent and with a 1978 oil import bill reaching a staggering \$40 billion, knew they were edging up to a recession and that the economy, like any other North American vehicle, requires lots of energy to carry at all and eventually out of trouble. The U.S., as a member of the International Energy Agency (IEA), had already pledged to aim for a five-per-cent reduction in this year's projected energy use. It thus was willing to abide by a short-term 1979-80 reduction in imports, but was wary of the Europeans' leanness to work with 1980 in mind.

Japan, which imports 39.6 per cent of its oil, was particularly concerned with



Aspirant oil police in Russia ready?

the years to come, having only recently recovered its own economic stability. Oil was a central issue, but not necessarily to the Japan to specific figures in reduced consumption.

The Canadians might have suspected what was to come when the first draft of the communiqué was received and the paragraph following the "energy" heading was completely blank. On the surface, Canada appeared to be in the best position of all: it is the only one of the seven with an energy surplus (19 per cent). The Clark government would also welcome an outside threat to which

it would point to justify the Tariff's intention to raise the domestic price of Canadian oil far faster than the current dollar-a-barrel increases due on July 1 and next June 1.

"A dollar every six months is not going to be sufficient," Finance Minister John Crosbie said in Tokyo (see box, page 10), and Clark agreed privately that "the gap is probably too large" between Canada's \$23 1/2 a barrel and the U.S.'s new two-tier price structure (the top tier is \$33 1/2 a barrel). Later Clark went further: "some sacrifices" would be required from consumers and industry. But, though Canada would gladly raise the cost of domestic oil and agree to conservation guidelines, Clark was adamantly opposed to what he called "mandatory measures." The reason was that Canada is soon to go into a period of energy shortfalls, and the country's net imports of 290,000 barrels a day may soon not be enough. Clark himself expressed "surprise" at the National Energy Board predictions of a seven-year energy gap, and he made it clear that he would not welcome a communiqué that contained precise figures such as the Europeans, particularly France, wanted.

The essential compromise was hammered out under the tightest security net the Japanese had seen since the end of the Second World War. From behind the bulletproof glass of the palace's Higashigomori Room, the leaders met in their armoured Cadillac (recently purchased by the Japanese for \$1 million) and then to limousine hotels in a carefully orchestrated shuffle which involved clearing traffic in downtown To-

kyo and banning flights over the city. In all, Japanese officials said, the security operation cost \$2.7 million. But the true figure was probably much higher. Fifty 3,000-ton troops were stationed in Tokyo and a ground-to-air missile was transferred to be ready at the palace to fend off a kamikaze or remote-control aerial attack.

The Japanese Red Army, responsible for the 1978 Tet and airport assaults, had not been heard from for two years. But letters had recently arrived from Bombay threatening a Red Army terrorist attack at the summit. Fortunately, however, the real drama was played out on paper, where the Europeans gained very little and the Americans, Japanese and Canadians gave away very little.

The final decision was to cease operating as a seven-nation unit, to allow the Europeans to stick to their Genshoku agreement while the other three went their separate ways. Clark, who found himself far more involved than he had expected—"I played a rather active role for a newscaster," he admitted—avoided a 1985 target. But that was only to the extent that Canada will reduce its annual rate of growth of oil consumption to one per cent with a consequent reduction of net oil imports from 1985's projected 650,000 barrels a day to 600,000; which is still a 480,000-barrel-a-day increase.

The cynical view of past summits is that they have had but two purposes—to keep up sagging political fortunes and to inspire investment at home. This time there were certain unavoidable hammerlocks of the politicians. The oil crisis was real enough (oil minister Schmidt went as far as to say it could conceivably "lead to war") and recent oil price increases have given new life to inflation. Four of the seven nations possess huge reserves in dollar figures, with Canada towering on the brink of making it five. Global recession, therefore, is a real possibility.

Immediately after the summit, Carter gave assurances that the commitments, particularly the promise to seek out alternative sources of energy, "will be binding upon us for the future." He also reiterated the view that the summit might prove to have "a significant historical meaning far more of the people's earth." But as he spoke, not far in his left ear political image-maker Gerald Rabinovich, his secretary of symbolic and more sinister, his advisers could not resist the conclusion that the well-being of the Western world may well hinge on whether Carter's words came from his heart or from Rabinovich's calculating mind. There is far more at stake than the re-election of the present farmer from Georgia. □

## Pouring guns on troubled waters

The United States is preparing a significant buildup of naval air forces in the strategic Persian Gulf region, it emerged last week. The buildup is likely to be much more broadly based than the 110,000 soldier fighting aircraft force, the existence of which was recently declared and which has so far major assignment the job of keeping the oil-lining, particularly from Saudi Arabia.

The developments are the result of a major new Pentagon study into the United States' growing dependence on oil from the Gulf. Though about 90 per cent of Middle East oil flows to the West, the study was prompted by recent oil and industry gains made in the area recently by the Soviet Union—namely in the Horn of Africa and South Yemen—under the turbulence in Iran.

A series of carefully controlled leaks to the press last week revealed that the Carter administration's top foreign policy and defense aides—including National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown and Energy Secretary James Schlesinger—are all in favor of the military buildup.

At two White House meetings under the chairmanship of Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, it was apparently agreed that, our strategic position in the region must be improved. The Pentagon has been ordered to prepare a list of deployment possibilities over the next few weeks. The study con-

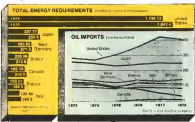
cludes that which will be a considerable increase in the U.S. naval presence and the assignment of land-based combat aircraft to countries along the Persian Gulf. But while a buildup would be good news for Washington hawks and some nervous Arab rulers in the area such as the Sultan of Kuwait and Oman, whose country directly straddles the strategic Straits of Hormuz at the mouth of the Gulf, the Saudis themselves are less than pleased. They grumbled last week that the presence of U.S. forces might provoke the very trouble they were supposed to prevent.

Officials in Riyadh have let it be known in the past that a landing by U.S. troops to "protect" oil supplies would be viewed as an invasion and might be followed by the blowing up of oil production facilities. And that view was reinforced last week when commenting on the new U.S. plans a senior Saudi source in Washington categorically told McClatchy: "We have never asked for this protection and do not want it. It is possible to view this as a threatening development."

The Saudi position highlights the contradiction that underlies the whole oil plot in Washington to keep its muscles. The presence of U.S. forces in any of the countries in the area—Kuwait, Qatar or the United Arab Emirates—by becoming a trigger for Islamic revolutionary fervor could prove as destabilizing an influence as they did at Iran. For that reason, Vance, while agreeing to the need for a military buildup, is said to have warned Carter that any rapid moves without full consultation with local leaders should be avoided.

William Lawrence

## The great world energy squeeze



## Jack the Ripper's latest disciple

**T**he voice on the tape was low, anonymous, with a pronounced Yorkshire accent, and as the cassette recorder delivered a chilling message to the group of listening reporters and police, "I'm Jack. I see you are still hanging as Jack striking me. I have the greatest respect for you, George, but look, you are as rotten as I am. I know that four years ago when I started I see you have been letting you down, George."

The cassette had been mailed from Sunderland, in England's northeast, 30 days earlier, addressed personally to West Yorkshire's assistant chief constable George Gifford. Police are convinced that its taunting message comes from one of the worst mass murderers in British history—the man the popular press has dubbed "the Yorkshire Ripper." In four years, the anonymous killer has struck down 11 women, nine of them prostitutes, in northern cities, including Leeds, Manchester and Halifax. The bodies were mutilated in ways unsuited by the police, but in sending escalation of the murders—and still unidentified—discs to West Yorkshire's assistant chief constable of Victoria London, Jack the Ripper.

The Yorkshire killer, who threatened on the tape to strike again ("I definitely sometime this year, maybe September or October—ever aware if I get the time"), and probably in Manchester, sent himself off, both in writing and verbally, "Jack the Ripper." He has already sent three letters to the police and the tabloid Daily Mirror boasting of his exploits ("at the rate I'm going I

Ripper's latest unsolicited gift: a cassette

should be in the book of records") and promising more to come.

The original Jack the Ripper killed at least five prostitutes by cutting their throats in the Whitechapel district of London's poverty-ridden East End between August and November, 1888. His motivations, strangely directed at the sexual organs, were so swift and precise that it has been assumed he had some basic surgical or slaughterhouse knowledge.

Books galore have been written about the case and theories put forward for a variety of candidates, including a house-soldier (wearing a medical connection) named Melrose Dentist, Queen Victoria's personal physician, Sir William Gull, supposedly in collusion with the painter Walter Sickert, J.K. Stephen, twice to the Duke of Clarence, and even Clarence himself, son of the subsequent King Edward VII and heir to the throne of England. Clarence died aged 38 in 1892, possibly of syphilis, leaving the way clear for George V to succeed.

A book called Prince Jack was published in the U.S. last year claiming evidence of a confusion under hypnosis by the royal physician, the notes of which mention Frank Sparrow being in the New York Academy of Medicine. During his brief reign of terror, Jack the Ripper dispatched several pecking letters which remain star exhibits in Scotland Yard's private "Black Museum" and his Yorkshire counterpart is clearly out to retaliate him. But the heralds of the latter-day Ripper, armed with modern technology, may be his undoing. Direct experts have been able to pinpoint the source of his accent, Sunderland, and even identify his probable occupation: a skilled manual worker or low-level industrial manager. When the specially created "Ripper Signal" released the tape for broadcasting last week on national TV, the hope someone might recognize the voice, they were deluged with about 1,000 calls.

Carol Kennedy

## Belgium

## Old soldiers never die . . .

**T**he site was not ideal for murder. The road was paved on a ridge and there was a little cover for the assailants that the man chosen to demolish the bomb had to stand far downhill on a spot that afforded him no direct view of his target. As the victim's car approached, he received a radio signal from an accomplice, calculated the speed, counted and then pressed the trigger.



Belgium built a garage for the latest and (Sickie) Hag: a rear of lost concrete



The obvious conclusion is that the would-be killer was an amateur who delivered to him by a wife. As it was, however, the unknown terrorists, who last week attacked General Alexander Haig on a road near Mons in Belgium just a few days before he stepped down as NATO's commander-in-chief, failed by no mere than a hair's breadth to harm their touch-talking target.

The explosives they had slipped under a bridge went up in a case of late concrete, earth and metal, damaging the back of Haig's car and demolishing the front section of a trailing vehicle which was carrying security men. All these guards were slightly hurt.

Within hours, however, the 54-year-old Haig was already sitting at Supreme Allied Headquarters in

Mons that he "didn't expect to go out with such a bang." Asked if the attack could be linked in some way to rumors about a 1988 presidential plan, the general joked: "I haven't seen enough support for me in political circles to justify this sort of drastic action."

By week's end, investigators still had no real indication of who was behind the assassination attempt. Haig himself declared he had received "specific threats" in the past year, but declined to name a possible culprit. A group called Vanguard and Liberty had claims to the crime, and security experts said the use of buried explosives normally was the trade mark of the IRA or Basque ETA, separatist terrorists. But no one had heard of Vanguard or Liberty before and neither the IRA nor ETA were felt to have much of a motive for the attempted killing.

Whoever was responsible, the bombing did nothing to increase Belgium's sense of security. It was the third terrorist strike in as many months—the previous incidents saw Palestinianians shoot at Brussels airport and U.S. men gunning down a Belgian businessman—and it continued the authorities that the convention treaty, which had kept Belgium out of the mainstream of terrorist activity in Europe for years, had ended once and for all.

As for Haig, barring proof that old soldiers never die, he may soon, despite his denial, also decline to face away. Reliable reports persist that, if he decides not to seek the Republican presidential nomination, he will try for a Senate seat which is falling vacant next year in his native city, Philadelphia. He has even been reported on the short list for a \$175,000 post as director of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games.

Peter Lewis

## The great gas chase heats up

**W**hen New Yorkers asked about the odds last week, they were not looking for the latest off-track betting line. In response to the northeast's mounting fuel crisis, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut adopted odd-even rationing, which permits motorists to purchase gas only on odd-numbered days if the last digit of their license plates is odd and on even-numbered days if the final figure is even. And some Canadian motorists learned to their chagrin that the regulations apply not only to motorists of the three states but to all drivers buying fuel in the tri-state area.

No sooner had the regulations gone into effect, however, than gas sharks began to figure out how to beat the system. Operating with fast screwdrivers, mechanics stole license plates to have

license-plate numbers for the license plates.



Along truckers' parade, a fast new driver

the current numbers for the appropriate day. Other regulations—dozens of them—aimed to let them split off gas.

The cab 303, plus the fine on the motor. Youngsters' loaded cars to gas stations on foot, had the containers filled to the brim and then sold their precious contents for a tidy \$17.65 for five gallons. For most drivers, however, there was no relief from the mammoth gas lines, with waiting times up to three hours. The long wait became such a feature of metropolitan existence that The New York Times ran a daily column entitled "Notes from the gas line." Predictably, teenagers were even shorter than gas supplies but while, so far, two men have died in accidents in a month, a third death, that of a 67-year-old New Jersey motorist last week, was due to carbon monoxide poisoning. The man had left his engine idling in a long line with the car windows closed.

To add to metropolitan woes, striking truckers, protesting the steep climb in diesel fuel prices, staged a five-m.p.h. slowdown on the Long Island expressway, even at its spiciest rack-and-rail the world's longest parking lot. Here seriously, the trucking union threatened to reduce drastically fuel supplies coming into New York, leading some pessimists to predict the city would face a fresh fuel scarcity nearly equal to the gas shortage.

The national picture as the July 4th



# Return of the 'tiara lady'

"It's running like no, dear," the King said. The Queen smiled at him. "But isn't the view beautiful?" —The Toronto Daily Star, May 10, 1988

It was just a small moment in history, but it clearly needed to be captured and then blown far and wide — as "winners" conservative overheard between King George VI and his Queen, Elizabeth, as they stood on a platform of the royal train outside Ottawa. Two to four, it was madly noisy. The time was 1930, and during that first visit of a migrating British monarch to Canada, hundreds of thousands of amateur spectators lined every parade route, downtown office buildings in every city were started up with as many Union Jacks as they could hold and newspapers unabashedly filled pages and pages with "stunning radiantly" pictures, pushing descriptions of the royal couple and authoritative inside news on the color of towels they were using.

Some things never change. There were joyful front-page editorials and 45 Union Jacks and Maple Leaf flags covering the Halifax Chronicle-Herald building last week when Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, a widow for 35 years and a woman as old as this century ("but in a ball of a lot better shape," said one admirer) arrived there to open the International Gathering of the Clans. The festival had special significance for the lady of Scottish ancestry who still walks the moors and fishes the streams in the far north of Scotland when she summers at her own Castle of May.

It was her eighth visit to Canada and, said a palace spokesman tersely, there were "no grounds" for supposing it could be her last. No grounds indeed. Turning 79 this August 4, she seems remarkably vital. Although her schedule hasn't changed in 30 years, she does allow herself the odd afternoon nap. But the walk is steady, the voice is strong and the light blue eyes are also with delight at whatever ornamental surroundings she happens to find herself in. While other members of her family have been troubled in the British press (Princess Anne for being grumpy, Princess Margaret for having made a mess of her marriage), the Queen Mother sails on, secure in her popularity, loved

partly because she so obviously enjoys being a Queen. Her biographer, Geoffrey Tibbot, called her "a tiara lady" once, during her 1959 tour, she wasn't quite ready for the crowds so, still in her dressing gown, she shook her hair on and moved from the train window. While she is credited with being the one who brought fun and laughter into the Royal Family, she has also scored high as royal mystique—the art of pro-

jecting warmth while keeping a safe distance.

When she arrived in Toronto at week's end to preside over the running of the Queen's Plate stakes, there wasn't much of a crowd at Toronto CTS Downsview to meet her. Not by 1988 standards. But down the stairway of the place she came and onto the red carpet, a short, plump, universal granny, swathed in chiffon, belted in a nar-

rrow hat and ready to "bring out the Queen is all of us," as one worshipful woman was quoted as saying back in 1939. Oh, well. In 1973, with all its attendant trauma, the Queen Mother seems to have travelled better than the queen.

In Toronto, as in Halifax, she stopped to greet the people and was rewarded with hugs and smiles and awkward greetings from the other spectators, who told her nervously where and when they had last seen her, and mystified looks from the younger ones. As always, she knew just what to say. No doubt she murmured just the appropriate thing—about mud and rain and difficult track —to jockey Brian Swartz, covered with mud but grinning widely, after his second Steady Growth made a strong finish to win the 128th running of the Queen's Plate.

Unlike other members of the Royal Family, tact seems to have been her strong point. Once, during a visit to New York, according to Toronto writer Lucia Dempsey, who has made much of her career out of writing about the Royal Family, an American woman approached the Queen Mother and told her through her jitters that she belonged to a special order of the Daughters of England. The Queen Mother asked if there were any other chapters. "Yes," the American woman replied. "One in Toronto, and one in Canada." "Oh yes," responded Her Majesty. "I've been to both lovely places."

Judith Timson

## British Columbia

### The L-shaped reign of terror

At 12:22 a.m. on June 22, an amount of wire to the home of West Langley, B.C., school principal Wayne White. He, his wife, Arlene, and their two small children awoke with their lives—and little else. Within the next hour and eight minutes, spanning a distance of nearly 11 miles, three other schools had fire set to their houses causing an estimated \$300,000 damage. It had been a bad night for the sleepy community of 50,000, 30 miles east of Vancouver, but what drew the doors around investigations was not the act, but the execution. A map in Langley RCMP headquarters traced a distinct L-shaped route along which the arsonists planted gasoline bombs in sequence over a tight 68 minutes, suggesting the timing of a well-planned commando raid. That fact, considered along with an often bitter ideological dispute about



The children with the cool lines of a well-planned commando raid

the schooling of Langley's children, has led to a run on smoke detectors and the dusting off of booby traps.

Bernard Douglas Clyde of the Langley RCMP detachment says there has been no clear motive established, but he reluctantly records that "the political situation which revolves around the Langley Teachers Association and the executives of the school board may be to blame." Langley is a small, former farming community which is growing at a rate of more than five per cent a year. Some fear that the unstable tensions that have resulted may have spilled over into the current violence.

School-board chairman Brian Westwood says the controversy in the schools is general across North America. Langley has 36 schools, 30 of which he describes as "progressive" and two as "fundamental." The fundamental school of thought, which is the prevailing one in our community, views classes that are structured, competitive and disciplined," he says. The once-progressive Langley school board, since 1975 has been taken over by traditionalists. "At the polls, it has been a two-thirds, one-third vote situation," Westwood says, indicating elaborate support for the current board.

Allen Blakey, president of the British Columbia Teachers Federation, is critical of fundamental schools, charging they are "highly discriminatory toward other religions." He claims they try to enforce Jude-Christian ethics and have turned away students because they are not morally acceptable. "The board has been accused of being Bible-thumping arms of the Dutch Reformed

Church," says Westwood. "That's just not so. Out of seven board members, only two have children in fundamentalist schools. We just believe in freedom of choice."

As a theory, however, the political motive for the arson attacks makes little sense. Four of the five-bombed men are elementary school principals, one is the board's director of elementary education. But only two were formerly connected to the fundamentalist schools. The area now all described by bewildered police as "political and up-to-the-minute education." At week's end, initial police had submitted but despite \$11,000 in rewards the police had no suspects.

Dan Rodenden

## Winnipeg

### The streets of broken mains

Most Winnipeg residents were spared this spring's visitation by the flooding Red River, but that's little consolation to city homeowners now being swamped out by a different water monster which lurks below. The new menace is creeping main-line water mains laid in the 1930s and '40s and now erupting in geyser which sweep away lawns and sink up driveways.

The city now (1,784 breaks were reported last year at an average cost of \$1,300 each) is no joke to Tom and Shirley Pollard, who have a \$95,000 house on a 135-foot lot. "It's not funny when you watch your lawn floating down the street," says Shirley Pollard. City work crews had no sooner handed a leak

Queen Mary in Halifax as old as the century "but in a ball of a lot better shape"

LOUISE BROWN

but work at the Pollard's place than two more gophers appeared. The root galling part is to watch city crews dig up their laws to get at the leeches—then afterward "they just dump the mud with a machine, throw on weed-infested earth and go away," says Shirley Pollard, surveying a six-foot river where her lawn used to grow.

Len Andrie, 49, has counted between 14 and 16 water-mole breaks during the past two years on his St. Boniface street. "It's obvious the pipe is of rotten quality," says Andrie. "The repair crew has been around so often our workers told me he thought he should get a house here to be closer to work." He's furious about the mess, so much so that last month he took a sledge at the first city official to show up to survey the damage.

Bob McKee, Winnipeg's director of operations, says the piping met specifications when it was laid but "you learn from hindsight." Remember that Ford didn't build a Thunderbird first, but a Model T? The cast-iron jobs are being replaced in some areas with plastic and asbestos-cement pipes. However, the repair work isn't going quickly enough to suit Andrie. "I'm paying \$2,500 a year in taxes and they're putting in sugar-melch pipes," he fumes. "Someone ought to lose his job over this."

Peter Carlyle-Gordon

## Quebec

### The other side of Mr. Kotter

Only weeks ago, administrators of Montreal's anglophone Dawson College were publicly wailing that the Quebec government was callously depriving them of \$25 million needed to renovate the 1,600-student school. Dawson District Council Robert Gordon even denied this accusation of discrimination. "We have a strong feeling that the hard-line PQists are asking, 'Why build new facilities for an English college?'"

Why indeed? Last week, in Dawson College's examination, the Parti Québécois government charged that Dawson administrators have billed the Quebec taxpayer at "several million dollars" in unearned grants, with some of the money paying for such perks as a \$15,000 stereo set, a luxury penthouse apartment, a limousine, bakery and the support of a private, profit-making



language school operated by a senior Dawson administrator. Part of the fraud involves the claiming of provincial grants for "phantom students" who existed on college records but not in its classrooms.



Le Maisonneuve is a place for millions

Five of the community college's employees were to be fired this week and Director-General Gordon, who alleged government discrimination against Dawson, was embroiled by a committee of the school's own board of directors for permitting the "mismanagement."

Though a government inquiry will investigate all Dawson activities for abuse of public funds, the evidence so far uncovered involves an audit-education matter—financed by \$5.4 million a year in provincial grants.

The person most entangled is Roger Rivest, director of Dawson's Applied Linguistics Centre, which specializes in the teaching of French to English-speaking businessmen.

The linguistic centre leased quarters in a downtown luxury high-rise apartment building, Le Maisonneuve III, at \$4,000 a month, which included Rivest's private use of a penthouse in the same building. Among the other apparent abuses discovered by Dawson's own investigators was the purchase from public funds of a \$15,000 stereo system for Rivest's use, but which Rivest swapped with one \$200 home stereo system so that he could enjoy the better one, and the leasing to Dawson of a mountain chalet Rivest had himself rented at a lower rate. The worst accusation, however, involved the use of Dawson personnel and equipment free of charge by a quite separate language school run privately by Rivest which disappeared in May—at the same time as Rivest vanished too.

Gene, as well, saw Dawson College's hopes of attracting much public sympathy for its plea for yet more subsidies from the taxpayers' pockets.

David Thomas

## But what do the anglos want?

"I've one thing to be someone's enemy," explains college professor Henry Milner, "but quite another thing altogether when they think you're a traitor." Penetrating Quebec's 900,000 outraged English speakers that his Committee of Anglophones for Sovereignty-Association (CASA) is not a group of terrorists is the big pocket of the Parti Québécois is liable to be as challenging for Milner as was his chairing of last week's confrontation between Montreal's anti-semitic and the province's wily and partly finance minister, Jacques Parizeau. After all, many of the originals in the 200-member committee first met as isolated right-wing extremists and, even today, the committee has the ears of the most influential extremists of the provincial cabinet. Three committee members—Evelyn Dumas, David Payne and David Levesque—are virtually the only English-speaking political advisers to the Quebec government.

But the "Pro Quebec" label is so near an adequate representation of the committee than the anonymous bullet and bomb threats on its phone answering tape are a fair gauge of its audience—English Quebec. The 35-year-old Milner, president of the committee, is not a PQist. Indeed, his two books, *The Deconstruction of Quebec and Politics in the New Quebec*, are redemptive while sharply attacking PQ social policy. More telling are the "class" sympathies of the committee—journalists, publicists, lawyers and administrators—who are "firing line," Milner says, "be-



Milner and CASA handback the bullet and bomb threats as anonymous



## All power to the power

Shortly after the 1974 provincial election, former Nova Scotia premier Gordon Regean bolstered with his energy assets to cause the effects of his long service in world or power. His confidence is a law of his cabinet colleagues that their Liberal government could not win the next election. It didn't. I had made the mistake during the 1974 campaign," says Regean now, "of promising that I would hold down power rate increases in Nova Scotia to a large amount at the general public, but instead I was going to keep the price down forever. When the big increases did come, people blamed the government. Today, Opposition leader Regean believes that energy prices may only left left to power in the next election. In mid-June, electricity

rates in Nova Scotia—already the second highest in the country—saw Price 66 went into—priced by 12.4 per cent and officials of the publicly owned Nova Scotia Power Corporation conceded that they will likely seek another increase within a year.

The New York premier John Bachechan, a steady friend of the heat. At a press conference after the increase went on, Bachechan got busy with reporters who suggested he had pledged to halt rate increases until non-alcohol generating stations were built. The premier had urged the reporters to come up with specific costs calling such a promise. "We'll happen to have a few quotes of his being around the office," says a leading Regean, who plans to make energy a major topic when the legislature meets this fall.

Nova Scotia depends on imported oil for generating 63 per cent of its power and since 1973, the cost of fuel for this power corporation has gone up by 569 per cent

again they fear they'll experience their problems if they speak up now. When the time comes, and the referendum question is decided at Christmas, and during the official debate period, people will really be surprised at who'll speak up."

One outspoken sympathizer of at least the PQ's social policy, and one rumored to be considering the CASA cause, is former provincial Liberal leader, former and agriculture minister Kevin Downes. While he says he knows little about the group ("I'm certainly not any kind of 'phone'"), he has been open in his support of the PQ's policies and the principle of French-language provisions in the province. "The Chamberlain told me a Canadian," Downes told one reporter. That, in fact, is the message Milner says his group is trying to get across to the English community in the pamphlet *Yes, Questions and Answers on Sovereignty-Association*—don't distribute just before Quebec's 50th National Day on June 26—the only thing English Quebecers have in common with the rest of Canada is their language. Milner points to the surprising statistic that 26 per cent of those polled recently by the CBC said they would give the PQ a mandate to negotiate sovereignty-association with Prime Minister Joe Clark.

So his committee members are not traitors, Milner says. They're not even interested in truly "breaking up" Canada. What does the Committee of Anglophones for Sovereignty-Association really want? Probably the same thing the traditionally expedient Quebecers really want: in the only half-facetious words of popular entertainer Yvon Deschamps, "an independent Quebec to a strong, wifed Canada." Larry Black

creating six rate increases since 1975—including a crushing 47-cent rate rise in 1977. An average consumer paid \$10.74 a month for 553 kilowatt hours of electricity in 1974. Today, for the same amount, he pays \$32.66. And none of these figures taken into consideration last week's further hike in the world oil price and Canadian Finance Minister John Crosbie's warning loans. Today that the Canadian price will have to rise another 10 per cent.

Bachechan believes that provincial subsidies will simply add the burden of power costs without solving the real problem of finding alternatives to oil for generating electricity—such as coal-fired generators and the development of family fuel power. "We're going to have to find a way to be under mounting pressure to come up with immediate relief but water when the full impact of rate increases has consumers. The role a government may be the second in a row to be reduced to a level by electricity." Stephen Blumberg



"When I told my friends I was writing a song for liver, they thought I was working for an agricultural organization," says **Peter Pringle**, 58, whose song *Outside and Inside* is fast becoming the anthem of the Canadian Liver Foundation. The song was commissioned by the foundation after statistics revealed that liver disease, the third largest cause of death in Canada, was afflicting a growing number of two-a-ges. Finding that group "notoriously difficult to reach by ordinary means of communication," the foundation hit on popular music as a vehicle. A former cheerleader, Half-fun-lover Pringle has written songs for **ANNA MURRAY** (remember *Please Don't Sell Me New Shoes*)

Pringle: suggestive singing for his liver



and himself has had a bout with liver disease—a mild case of hepatitis several years ago which he got after eating "a particularly bad batch of Long Island clam." What, with lyrics like *I wanna touch you outside and inside*, Pringle admits his salt rock-riquet tone is "indefinitely suggestive—but I couldn't very well write a song that went, *I love your liver*."

It all happened "too fast to believe," according to Vancouver's **Society** **Stratton**, who graces the cover of *Agent's Playboy* magazine. Stratton was "flashed" last year when the honey-tinted publication was searching for its 25th anniversary playmate. Though she "lost" to Candy Lovino's 27-34-34,



Stratton: Vancouver certainly loved her

Stratton's 36-24-36 placed her "among the top 22 contenders," according to a magazine spokesman. Now living in Los Angeles, the 18-year-old plans to pursue a film career and makes her debut this month in *Amos & Watson*. "It's a walk-on bit and I wear a heavy costume," says Stratton, whose talents will be on display throughout July in a cross-country tour which includes stop-offs at the Calgary Stampede and Edmonton's Klon-dike Days. Accompanying her will be Victoria, B.C.'s **DAVID CHAN**, a regular *Playboy* photographer who will be scanning the crowds for an upcoming feature on the girls of Canada. Stratton's mom is not upset about her daughter's

full-color nudity—in fact, Stratton says, she was "surprised but proud." And what does the playful herself think of the layout? "I think they've done me justice."

Spreading like an anemone leftcoast from a Canada Day sound stage, country and western singer **Ray** **Griff** pours out his love for his homeland in an album titled *Canada*, dedicated to Canada and chock-full of Canadian material. *Trouble* is, though raised in Calgary, Griff, 37, moved to Nashville 15 years ago, so his vinyl "expression of my love affair with this country" stretches the credibility of most native sons. The composer of more than 1,500 country tunes, Griff has written for **Daily** **Pa-**

son, **Laurita Lynn**, **Tan Miller** and **Corri Bakke**, whose current hit, *I'm Gonna Hug You Forever*, is a Griff composition. Currently packing halls across Western Canada, Griff has been finding a lot of new material to write about and already has eight songs ready to record for a Canada-inspired sequel album. And then he'll be able to laugh all the way to his Nashville bank.

It's a "man-mane" world for **Kahn Williams**, 26, the punny Orkney whose hit series *Mark & Minky* has introduced a whole new vocabulary to TV audiences. The wizard of "shadab" is currently working at a modeling pace on new



Williams: Mark guys—what a concept

year's series and preparing for his role in **Robert Altman's** *Poppy*, in which Williams plays the title role of the 50-year-old spinach-chasing sea-sail. The success of Mark has also inspired a by-product blitz that includes *Mark T-shirts*, suspenders, pyjamas and bubble gum (five pieces per bag). At the end of this month Williams' first record, *Reality, What a Concept*, will be released and when the affable adult completes his current projects he will star in a film which he is writing in his idle moments. In the middle of all this are reports that his year-old marriage to dancer **Valerie Velard** is on the rocks. Perhaps someone should remind Wil-

liams that while Orkneys live to be 12 "hundreds" before they go back to the egg for a recharge, humans go around only once.

Being beautiful and funny has sometimes made life difficult for **Madeleine Kahn**. "Men never fall in love with women they laugh and have fun with," advised the 36-year-old actress who has yet to find a solid romantic link. Certainly there have been no romances about Kahn and her current leading man, **Keanu** the frog, who falls prey to the seductive redhead's charm in *The Muppet Movie* and hardly escapes having his legs pin-fried by Kahn's "jerked" husband, **Tully** **Schwane**. In Toronto this month, Kahn is filming *Happy Birthday, Gemini*, with co-stars **Bibi** **McKenno** and **Robert Valera**. The film is directed by **Richard Linklater** (*Outrageous*) and once again Kahn's comical

Kahn and Schwane: pin-fried Keanu?



character fails to find true love by being funny. In this case Kahn cannot blame herself—she plays the sympathetic neighbor of a young man who is coming to terms with his homosexuality.

In 1925, **Oliver Fredrickson** whirled in a Strangle 100 miles upstream from Great Slave Lake with his husband, Walter, and their new baby. All of their previous wives lost in a fire and they were forced to live on bark, grass, roots and the occasional squirrel. Though won't be anywhere as tough for **Glen** **Burton** when she plays the lead in *The Silence of the North*, a film based on Matt Fredrickson's 1973 autobiography. Fredrickson, now 72, approves of the casting. She met Burton and the film's

director, **Asa King**, several years ago when the project was being planned. "She was really nice, helping me with the dishes and things," says Fredrickson, now retired with her second husband, John. They hope to be present during the fall filming near Fort McMurray, Alberta, and one thing Oliver Fredrickson will be checking is the language used on the set. She recently saw Burton's Academy Award-winning performance in *After Dawn's Love Here* *Amos* and didn't approve of the gaudy characterization. "I don't like bad language and flirty things she doesn't have to use bad language in this one. We were didn't."

"If nobody who spends years at what is called 'writing a book' actually spends much time writing it," concludes **Tom Wolfe**, the salty narrator of *New Journalism* whose latest novel, *The Right Stuff*, has been targeted in his typewriter since 1973 and now faces (re-

current publication. Though he has completed three other books (*The New Journalism*, *The Painted Word* and *Mao's Ghosts & Madmen*, *Chatter & Power*) in the past six years, Wolfe, 48, spent most of that time searching the "competitive ground of fiction" and the "stuff" it takes to become a pilot or astronaut. "I suppose people will say that I wasted until the 10th anniversary of the landing on the moon, which is really silly because I don't even recall the scene in the book," laments the New York-based author. Currently "in-landed," Wolfe plans to regroup before considering his next project. Then, he says, "Maybe I should bite the bullet and try a novel."

Edited by **Muriela Boudreau**

# Super Mex flies on the wind

By Hal Gurn

**A**dy North, winner of the 1978 U.S. Open, climbed the hill at the 11th hole of the Glen Abbey golf course in Oakville, Ontario, during the second round of the Canadian Open. Looking for his ball in the right rough he muttered, "I don't want to play golf! I don't want to play anymore."

Tom Kite, who has won more than \$90,000 for hitting golf balls this year, approached the same hole and, after watching his seemingly perfect tee shot land near the pin, then roll back to the foot of the green, he looked skyward. "Great hole. Jack, great hole!"

The Jack is Nicklaus, who designed the course, and the hole was just one of the many that broke the golfing spectators' hearts during the Open's four days on the fourth weekend of June.

It is a bizarre game this—infinitely in its apparent simplicity, depressing in its technological hyperbole, yet in the words of one of its masters, Ben Hogan, it is a game "that no one has ever conquered and no one ever will."

Opening day of this Open was sun-drenched, uncharacteristically becalmed. In the words of Jack Newton of New South Wales, Australia, the pros "shot the lights out." Newton finished Nicklaus' usually strong Glen Abbey usage by shooting a seven-under-par 64, breaking the course record by three shots. Tom Watson, winner of an unheard-of \$553,874 and four tournaments since before Oakville, shot a 66. Twenty-three of the tournament broke par, including Lee Trevino, with a 67.

The second day dawned bright but with sufficient hint of a nautic wind blowing in the northward. Lee Trevino landed the first hole, landed the eighth, and then approached the ninth hole and Hale Irwin, the recently crowned U.S. Open champ, prepared to lift their second shots over the pond that guards the green. Trevino found the sand trap, threw the water. Trevino yanked and pulled down and yelled back into the wind. "Come lift it. You can see the top of the ball between waves."

After Irwin thanked his ball to the back of the green, Trevino warned the hosts of Sunday golfers everywhere. His shot from the trap travelled but a couple of feet before rolling back into the hole he had just dug in the sand.

Trevino, double bogged. "A pro shouldn't double bogey unless he loses the ball, but I did."

As the afternoon wind whipped (gusting to 25 mph) and the temperature dropped, the scores soared. Nicklaus was trailing again.

Frazer's mother was still compared with Saturday's offering for Round 2. Watson headed into the wind with a three-shot lead over Trevino, Newton and D.A. Weirbach, all at four under par. Thirteen players were under par when they teed off. At the end of the

day, there were three. "This course is designed to be played in 80° weather," said Trevino, "not 30°." In fact, Trevino and I'm just not used to wearing that many clothes."

The biggest change-around anticipated on the first day was the weather. It was 10, 11 and over again, the headwind darkness to the west having galloped past, gave way to a clearing though strong wind, and sunbath.

With Watson, apparently destined to

Trevino says: "That'll buy a lot of food."



become the first pro golfer to win \$400,000 in one season, comfortably ahead by three strokes, the field overcame itself with second place. But the duffer's nightmare, washed in greens and blue, visited Watson that afternoon. Apart from the two and green, the third hole is a pond. Watson's shot splashed just short of the far bank. Taking the penalty stroke, his provisional from the teeside got landed and rolled back and short of the water. His chip shot barely reached the edge of the greens. He chipped again and sank the putt for a triple bogey and joined Trevino at three under par.

On the fourth tee, Watson pushed his ball to the right. It struck the asphalt curb, bouncing 60 or 70 feet in the air, landing for the trees and more trouble. Instead, it hit a woman spectator just behind her car as she walked through the woods. She was seriously hurt and rushed back to the hospital. Presidential—For Watson—but on course.

The leaders and the massive gallery wound their way into the windward valley which shapes five of the last nine holes. Trevino bogged the 11th to give back his share of lead, but as he moved in a short putt for birdie at 12 Watson bogged the 12th and Trevino had the lead for the last time.

The gallery sensed the dramatic turn and the roar that greeted Trevino as he approached each green were not lost on Watson, however.

Trevino bogged the 15th, to fall to two under and, looking over his shoulder, not knowing Watson's score, he cranked a one-man 220 yards, over the pond that wraps around the 16th, and headed to finish three under—the only player under par. It was more than enough.

Watson finished with a 74, one over Ben Greenshaw quietly slipped in at even par to finish second. Turnberry, B.C.'s Jim Neilford had a true tournament, finishing at four over.

The strange and dramatic departure from tradition by Watson had given Trevino his third Canadian Open. ("Watson's triple bogey and bogey on five of the last seven holes was what I took for me to win.") He added the money for \$2,000,000—just. Peter Jackson dollars, Super Mex smiled. "That'll buy a lot of tacos."

As Trevino pointed that night, the rest of the pros were picking up to head for the next four stops in Memphis. And the Open itself will be carried off to the Royal Montreal Golf Club, the oldest golf club in North America for next year's go-round. But in 1981, they'll be back at the monster Jack built, mattering under their master, quietly curing the folkdrama of this strange game, and waiting for the wind to blow.



Karimah: Oldest child in family of six. Lives in a windowless basement flat. Father has two jobs. Total income: \$4.70 a month. Total expenditures: \$2.28. Outlook for future is grim.

## Six years old... will she live to be seven?

Death comes all too frequently to the children of the slums, and its constant presence is a dark reminder of hopelessness and fear. The haunting eyes of a needy child, like the eyes of little Karimah above, reflect the hardships of a life without hope. Overseas, hundreds upon thousands of children share the burden of days filled with hunger and nights filled with fear. In their eyes is a silent plea for help. In their hearts is the hope that someone will answer.

You could be that someone. Through Foster Parents Plus of Canada, you could help make that needy child will live to see a brighter future. Just a small monthly contribution can work wonders for a child and family overseas, helping to provide food, clothing, shelter and medical care. As a Foster Parent, your support will also go

towards education, bringing your child to the family of the day when they can support themselves. Even your family's community will benefit, through development projects designed to provide the groundwork for self-sufficiency. Projects such as the digging of wells for potable water, or the building of schools and medical clinics, will help ensure that one day the community will be able to function with no outside help.

Yes, you can help make all this possible. By helping just one child, you can move his family, and even his community toward a better way of life. By now, Karimah will be found a Foster Parent. But the thousands of children just like her still need you. Please help... it's as simple as completing the coupon below, or calling our toll-free number.

CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME 1-800-268-7174	
Information will be sent immediately	
<b>PLAN FOSTER PARENTS PLAN OF CANADA</b>	
I want to be a Foster Parent of a boy <input type="checkbox"/> girl <input type="checkbox"/> age _____	
country _____	or where the need is greatest <input type="checkbox"/>
I enclose my first payment of \$50.00 Monthly <input type="checkbox"/> \$2700 Quarterly <input type="checkbox"/>	
\$100 US Dollars Annually <input type="checkbox"/> \$2500 US Dollars Annually <input type="checkbox"/>	
I don't become a Foster Parent until new November 1 enclose my contribution of \$ _____ Please send me more information <input type="checkbox"/> Tel No. _____	
Name _____	Prof _____
Address _____	
City _____	Prov _____ Code _____
I wish communication with PLAN to be in English <input type="checkbox"/> French <input type="checkbox"/>	
PLAN members in Spain: Colombia Ecuador El Salvador Guatemala Haiti Honduras Indonesia Iran Israel Kazakhstan Peru the Philip pples the Sudan Upper Note: Foster Parents Plan of Canada is officially represented as a Canadian Charitable Organization by the Federal Government. Contributions are tax deductible.	

MAY 1980

# Rolling for billions

By Peter Newman

The tropical passion of power has always been the dominant obsession of these men here. But every once in a while the north winds and there occurs a sudden shift in authority. A new corporate ruler acquires the magic that gets things done. This article attempts to reconstruct the inside story of the largest and most controversial deal in recent Canadian business history, which unfolded in the transfer last week of Braemar Limited's \$55-billion assets from the 19-year reign of John Henderson (Jake) Moore to ownership by a group of Establishment outsiders, headed by Peter Breffman. The two men could hardly be more different.

It is barely seven o'clock in the morning and Peter Breffman is on the track surrounding Upper Canada College's main football field, the snap of his tennis jogging shoes beating the cinder path into black cement. This is June 20, the day of the big take-over and Breffman is even more nervous than usual. "The great irony," he is saying, "is that my brother Edward and I

thought, once we'd sold the Canadian hockey club last summer, we would kind of disappear from the scene. What we didn't count on was the upset with Braemar. So instead of vanishing, our profile unfortunately has never been higher. It certainly wasn't planned that way."

Sensitive, sensitive and shy, Peter Breffman treats most of his small but loyal coterie of friends like journeymen

therapists, always demanding a second opinion. He seems personally affronted in some private testing ground, determined to prove once and for all that his late uncle Sam, the formidable founder of Braemar's, was wrong to cut him and Edward out of inheriting part of the huge liquor and oil empire.

Relying mainly on the inspiration of their two main associates—Trenor Eyles,

ten, a cocky and lightning-witted Toronto lawyer, and Jack Cookwell, a cheerful South African chartered accountant with a side-order intellect and tax assessor's eyes—the Braemar boys have managed to parlay Edper (their family holding company) into a prosperous \$2-billion conglomerate. Its assets include Montreal's huge Place Ville Marie, half a dozen of the country's largest shopping centres, much of downtown Calgary, and 30 per cent of the new Continental Bank of Canada.

But no matter how much he achieves, Peter's sense of insecurity gnaws at him. Despite his dollar worth, he remains so uncertain about his fiscal future that he not only has his socks darned but occasionally wears gloves even when it's not raining—"just to save the leather on my sides."

He's a robust jockey and as he strides the U.C.C. track the traffic flow thickens, cars moving to their daily downtown nesting spots. Peter is loosening up now. "Edward and I have always wanted our major position to be in a public company, to give our children maximum liquidity so they could act as if. If they wanted to build a house in Hawaii they could do it. Braemar is really the fulfillment of that goal."

Leaping through the morning sunlight, Breffman makes it all sound easy and inevitable. But Braemar's acquisition was complicated, rough and expensive. The 23 million shares required for control cost Peter and his partners a fat \$480 million. Cook Edper's 2.4-million share purchase on April 30, 1979, was the largest single trade ever recorded, in volume and dollars, as New York's American Stock Exchange. The tactics employed by both sides during the 63 days of frenetic corporate warfare that led up to this calm morning set so many precedents that the Ontario cabinet immediately afterward passed a law making any negotiation almost impossible.

Peter is growing tired. He jogs back to the apartment he has rented for himself and his wife, Dore, since moving to Toronto from Montreal last year. The Braemar annual meeting, where he will be animated chairman and chief executive officer, is less than three hours away.

The corporate wars of the past three months have changed him. The Braemar eyes no longer give off that aura of being his last ratings of besieged truth. His look has a new spark of determination. "In my 30s," he recalls, "while other young guys were busting their asses, when I wasn't with my own kids, I

was doing community work, because I guess that was something in our family blood. And my kids. Well, they were definitely going to have a relationship with their father that I never had. So business was a kind of hobby. It's only in the past year I've invited the kind of hours many of the people I'm associated with have been spending. Maybe since then Braemar thing cooled down, I can get back to a regular schedule."

John Henderson Moore, the Establishment jockey who lost the Braemar chess game, is so Peter. Breffman marches to a very different paper. Known as "Jake" to everybody from the pilot of his private Gates Learjet to the high-shooters at New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust, where he dominates the International Asset, Moore specializes in the usually endangered species of high-case Anglicans who still grace the tranquil pastures of London, Ontario.

No matter where he goes—and Jake is welcome everywhere he lands—he has made himself safely tucked into the scarlet blazer of the London Hunt & Country Club. His grandfather ran London Life for 30 years. Young Jake touched all the right bases: Ridley, Royal Military College, Clarkson, Gordon & Co., John Lubbock Ltd.—as the first non-family president. He bought a share in Lambeth, right beside the official spread of Captains Joe Jeffery, and the two of them occasionally josh each other about belonging to London's most prestigious club.

In his 63rd-year headquarters at Toronto's Commerce Court West, with eight vice-presidents doing his bidding, Jake has begun to believe in his own invulnerability. Godly collecting the \$540,000 annual salary which ranked him as the country's third-highest-paid executive, he chartered helicopters for midweek sorties to the farm, flirted with Canadian nationalism, bought paintings and displayed in his office a stretched sheet impregnated with lipstick kisses by actress Joyce Wieland while she sang O Canada.

How invest it was. He served on a dozen boards (including Canadian Pacific Limited, Bell and Hudson's Bay), cultivating the backbone of a seasoned gentleman entrepreneur. In fact, just about the only people who doubted his charms were the 38,000 shareholders of Braemar.

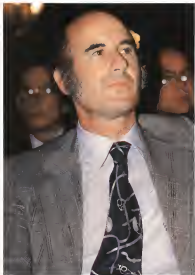
Established in 1889 by a cove of imaginative Canadians who used tenues of dandies to pull down up the hills of the de Janssens, most of Braemar's invest-



John Henderson Moore, Peter Breffman and Jack Cookwell, proving once and for all that Uncle Sam was wrong



Peter Breffman and (below) Trenor Eyles: a \$2.5 billion deal and a house in Hawaii



# The *Brascan* family LIMITED

60.1% owned by Edper Equities Ltd.



**JOHN LABATT LIMITED**  
24% (\$596 million)



**Edper Food Products Limited**  
Total assets of each company

Percentages represent  
Brascan's holdings in each company

## GREAT LAKES POWER CORPORATION LIMITED

99.9% (\$79 million)



John Labatt Limited—24%  
Brascan Resources Limited—100%  
Hydroelectric facility in Beall, Ont. (being  
specifically expanding at a cost of \$25  
million)

## BRASCAN RESOURCES

99% (\$100 million)

Coalition Mining Inc.—100%  
Columbia-Parkwest Inc.—100%  
Residual unit sold—\$1.7M  
Western Mines Limited—\$1.7M  
\$100,000 worth of copper in Canada  
Africa

## BRASCAN'S BRAZILIAN HOLDINGS

Associa S.A. (A)  
Sociedade Brasileira de Investimentos S.A.  
(Sociedade Administradora e Investimentos)  
Lula  
Brascan Controladora de Seguros Ltda.  
Sociedade Brasileira de Seguros e Resseguros  
Sociedade S.A.  
Cobrasa S.A. (Cable, Financiaro e  
Investimentos)  
Industria Brasileira de Alimentos e  
Alimentos Ltda. (A)  
Empresamento e Empreendimentos  
Medicinais S.A. (Lula) (A)  
Empresa Brasileira de Organizacao e  
Participacoes S.A.  
Fintec Nacional de Seguros S.A. (PWA) (A)  
Governo Federal e Turismo S.A. (A)  
Fomento Industrial e Participacoes Minerais  
Sociedade S.A.  
Sociedade Brasileira de Investimentos  
Sociedade S.A. (A)  
Sociedade Brasileira de Investimentos  
Sociedade S.A. (A)  
Sociedade Brasileira de Investimentos  
Sociedade S.A. (A)

## WESTERN MINES LIMITED

51% (\$25.3 million)

Western Coal Holdings Inc.—100%  
Western Mines Inc.—100%  
Western Mines Holdings Ltd.  
Occurrence Minerals Inc. (A)  
Mines Management Ltd.  
Tribal units sold to the Lyrre and Mines  
on takeover basis

## LONDON LIFE INSURANCE

24% (\$3.45 billion)



SO Associates Limited—100%  
Toronto College Street Centre College  
Place—100%  
Deluxe Inc.—100%  
Lancet Tower Apartments Limited—100%  
Lancet Tower Limited  
Lancet Tower Services Ltd.  
also has interest in units

## TRIARCH CORPORATION LIMITED

61% (\$25 million)

Triarch Capital Limited  
Triarch Management Corporation  
Triarch Resource Capital Corporation  
East & Page Limited  
Triarch Securities Corporation  
Affiliated with Canadian Venture Capital  
Corporation

ment cloud still resides in Brazil, a minority shareholder, with influence amounting at 40 per cent and tough laws restricting the outflow of profits on foreign investments.

Under Moore's direction, Brascan became an equally sophisticated acquirer of assets and liabilities that ranged from Rio's last-minute \$100-million investment in Labatt and the Toronto Blue Jays, Lyrre Second and the Great Canadian Soup Company. His main preoccupation was switching assets out of South America into profitable Canadian enterprises. Paradoxically, only a corporate boardroom with Moore's thick brow and gambling instinct could have succeeded in getting so many enterprises out of Brazil—yet these same qualities only hampered his Canadian reinvestments. In 1978, he ploughed \$40 million into Rio Oil & Gas and lost it all; a \$9.8-million investment in the Sukoloka coal fields yielded the same return, as did so many of his other fiscal adventures that it seemed at times as if Moore's greatest strength was success by indifference.

Brascan's record of earnings has been one of the worst in North America over the past five years," commented Andy Serock, one of Bay Street's most sagacious and influential financial advisers. "The 1978 rate of return was a low four per cent and similar calculations for the past five years show returns of less than two per cent." Even Brascan's own executives recognized their shortfalls. In a confidential memorandum to William Miller, the company's chief financial officer, R. D. Simms, Brascan's director of taxation, wrote that "observers do not regard us as an organization with drive and promise, but as a dormant paper bank."

Letting it may have been, but in 1978 the penny stock still yielded a weekly cash flow of \$4.6 million. As shareholder criticism increased, Moore set out to mend the company's image, moving more inside directors on to the board and rescheduling their elections at three-year intervals. When he arrived in 1980, three of 20 directors also served as corporate officers; by 1978, creating directors associated in various ways with the Brascan organization, 10 of the 20 directors could be considered insiders.

The crunch came late in 1978 when Brascan expedited the sale of its main Brazilian subsidiary, Light Services Eletronica S.A. for \$447 million. Suddenly, Moore was faced with having to find alternate investment outlets for the huge cash influx—and Brascan had become a hot take-over prospect.



John Moore, a shareholder but no owner.

To protect the investment and ward off outsiders, Brascan board members formed an "acquisition analysis committee" to invest the cash, which eventually examined the balance sheets of nearly 200 companies.

Movement became more important than direction. Vice-presidents were kept in a constant state of flux, combining the purchase potential of such corporate giants as Norel, Commercial Gas, Naranda, House Walker-Goodman & Werts, and Lyggett & Myers. Moore seemed to fit. Yet Bay Street's rumour centre constantly reverberated with talk of planned grabs for the Brascan kitty.

On Nov. 10, 1978, R. P. Simms, sent a "very confidential" memorandum to William Miller advocating a daring op-

tion. It amounted, in effect, to an internal coup d'état. The company's senior officers would reorganize a private company, approach Morgan Guaranty Trust interests in New York for a "soft" \$650 million credit line and themselves sponsor a \$25 bid for all the company's outstanding 26 million shares. The bid, held out to Morgan was the valuable charter for Banco Brascan de Investimentos S.A., the Toronto company's Brazilian investment bank. "The idea," wrote Simms, "is based upon the proposition that if our vulnerability is real (and it may be real) it is, then, it is visible and the first take-over artist with enough gumption will walk away with the whole cake." Then, among his metaphors, Simms also wrote "We will be taken over like the ripe plum we are." He recommended his suggested alternative as "a real possibility of expanding in the present single coup probably over undertaken in Canada, and possibly elsewhere."

The project received the sanction of several Brascan executives and, even though it wasn't discussed at the board level, two million shares were secretly collected to launch the buy-back, which was eventually abandoned.

It may be giving the Brascan hard-core too much credit for Machiavellian intrigue, but having abandoned the idea of buying out the company themselves, the only certain way to keep it out of anyone else's grasp (and thereby hang on to their jobs) was to empty out Brascan's treasury. This strange scenario would have been achieved with unimpeachable speed had Brascan accepted bid for the F.W. Woolworth Co. (actually been successful).

The Brascan bid of \$35 per share amounted to a prospective expenditure of \$1.3 billion, which made it the largest cash offer in U.S. stock market history.

Once North America's leading retailer, Woolworth had not modernized its stores or offices. The company's brightest accounts seemed to have occurred on April 30, 1915, when President Woodrow Wilson had a luncheon in the White House and \$8,000 light bulbs lit up the new 60-story Woolworth building, then the world's tallest structure. Sales in 1978 amounted to \$4.1 billion, but the proposed purchase price was so huge that the Woolworth executives would have needed a tremendous financing problem for Brascan.

The Woolworth idea was first broached by Iain Richardson, Brascan's director of corporate development, in February of 1978, though he later thought the better of it. At least two

stories were commissioned for submission to the board before it tried to retitle the \$1.3-billion acquisition. But directors were given as little notice that Lewis Harker, a New York rising executive and longtime Branson board member, ordered a large block of Woolworth stock on April 5, unaware of any possible conflict of interest.

The renowned Toronto-based accounting firm which had been retained to write one of the Woolworth reports handed its findings to a Branson vice-president on April 5, but no one—not Jack Moore, not Harker—told either the firm or trouble to read it.

The other study, written by David Yonish, a former vice-chairman of New York's R.H. Macy & Co., arrived at Branson's offices on March 19. Even though it is only nine pages long, the Yonish Report also remained secret.

This was probably just as well, because both reports expressed grave reservations about the proposed Woolworth purchase. No documentation concerning the Woolworth offer had been distributed to Branson's outside directors prior to the April 6 board meeting, nor were the directors who didn't happen to be members of the board's executive committee told that the Woolworth acquisition would be on the agenda. This was a particularly strange omission,

because in order to finance the Woolworth purchase Branson would have had to sell nearly all its most profitable assets (including its share of John Labatt, Truett, Grant Lake Power and Consumers Global). In effect, the board was being asked to approve not merely the largest cash offer ever made on the U.S. stock market, but to have it financed through the sale of its most valuable existing assets—and all of this without either consulting shareholders or bothering to read the reports they themselves had commissioned on the deal's feasibility.

On April 6 the Branson board unanimously approved the Woolworth offering. Then, at exactly 5 p.m., the real bombshell arrived. It was a letter to each board member containing a detailed, take-over offer from Edger, worth \$339 million. The Bransons had jumped into the action.

Peter Branstetter's investment company had actually been buying Branson stock for the previous three months. On Feb. 28, Jack Cockwell, who had directed the Branstetter portfolio for a decade, had suggested the formation of an investment subsidiary with the Pettie family as minority (34 per cent) partner. The Branstetter's only partner in their Branson venture was James Dr-

is Pettie, nephew and heir to the huge Pettie fortune founded by Susan Pettie, who died in 1942. A month later some 13-million shares had been purchased for \$339 million, making Edger Branson's largest single shareholder.

To emphasize the seriousness of its intentions, Edger enlisted two prominent members of the Toronto Establishment: Patrick Kyle Kincaid (the chief Canadian representative for the Pettie investment) and, most important of all, Fred McCutcheon, whose father had been one of E.P. Taylor's original Anglo partners. One of the founding members of the prestigious Loewen, Oudette investment house and a former chairman of the Toronto Stock Exchange, he was a longtime associate of Ryton's as well as a Pettie director.

McCutcheon, an amiable and talented entrepreneur who works out of Baltimore airport, became a key member of the Edger operation.

As soon as Peter Branstetter (his brother Edward remained a passive supporter throughout the Branson campaign) agreed to work out for control of Branson, a meeting was arranged with Jake Moore. Accompanied by Bruce Lockwood, a lawyer from Halse, Cassels & Graydon, Moore arrived at the designated suite of the Royal York Hotel at 1 p.m. on April 5, his trip heavy with

reputation, a bankable man taking time out to discuss these unwelcome overtures.

Twelve Ryton staffed Edger's intentions of making a \$1-million take-over bid, accompanied by pledges to co-operate with Branson's existing directors and management. Moore responded with the agreement of a verbal strike and the following day took an offer to Woolworth and the Edger bid for Branson went public.

For the next three months the two groups staged a legal shootout that turned into a psychological vendetta. Each side tried to get the other tied up in court. They both succeeded, though Edger eventually won the major judicial decisions. While Branson's task force was much larger (Jake Moore laid out \$5 million in legal fees alone), the Edger team was more flexible. Meeting earlier in Peter Branstetter's office in the Royal Bank's Toronto headquarters building (with its two Emily Carr, Elton Varley and Culture landscape) or two floors below in Trevor Ryton's chambers (shrouded in Ryton's admiralty moderns with hand-carved chairs, old maps and that alibi of Toronto status symbols—an ornate rug laid atop mahogany-colored broadloom), the Edger players had the advantage of dealing with their own chips. "We were a small group," Peter Branstetter recalls, "and could move very quickly without having to call board meetings. Our secret weapon was that we were using our own money so if we wanted to speed it, we could."

Kennan and McCutcheon had made a previous study of Woolworth's outlook for S.G. Warburg, the British merchant bankers, so they could supply Cockwell with the fiscal background which allowed him to estimate that the Branson take-over might result in a \$100-million cash flow. It was an idea that Edger offered to buy 55 per cent of the Branson stock, providing that Moore withdrew his Woolworth bid. The Ontario Securities Commission turned down such a conditional bid and the Edger group began to search for alternatives. (Although Branson's shareholders led by Max Tanenbaum and Andy Surin, whose group controlled two million shares, quietly joined the Edger group. It was Kennan who discovered during a flash trip to The Hague, through London lawyer Sir James Goldsmith, that Nevada and Branson were negotiating a defensive share-own.

On Sunday, April 28, Branstetter and his associates decided to make a major



Fred McCutcheon, smiling top talent from the Toronto Establishment

stock. A similar buying spree followed on May 1, with another 4-million shares taken into Edger's portfolio. In two days Branson and his partners had spent \$174 million. And Edger had yet to call in any of its bank credits.

More significantly, it suddenly seemed as though everyone wanted to climb aboard the Edger daredevil. Among them: those who sold their shares were such well-known established financiers as Paul Demareis, Harrison McCaw, Ralph McQuinn, Charles O'Brien and, best of all, Peter's cousin and son to Sam's fortune—Charles Branstetter.

The battle now was officially over, control if not ownership had been wrested from Jake Moore's hand. All that remained was for the two sides to negotiate the terms of surrender. It was Eddie Goodman, that most ubiquitous of power-brokers, who suggested a peace treaty, and it was on May 27 in the Toronto offices of Tory, Tory DeLozier & Birmingham that Jake Moore and Peter Branstetter finally met.

Moore had been warned by his advisers that Peter Branstetter was, after chairing board meetings in a favorite sweater or sports shirt. That was true enough, but in this particular occasion, Branstetter's retinue begged him to pay at least nominal homage to Moore's London heritage by not only putting on some pants, a coat and tie, but in a combination that actually matched. It was a sign of the tension that had developed between the two men that, when Jake Moore arrived in an old sweatshirt and Peter Branstetter showed up in a well-tailored three-piece suit, neither of them cracked a smile.

A separation settlement was negotiated, awarding Moore a year's salary plus an annual pension of \$100,000 for the lifetime of himself and his wife.

Edger had previously announced a further bid for another \$148 million worth of Branson shares to bring its holdings past the 90 per cent mark. Finally, on the morning of June 14, Trevor Ryton, valued over as the president's gallery of Toronto's top executives, when he could look down at the book maintained by an investment dealer over the past where Branson was being traded. He could see the bids piling in, so he phoned Sam Williams, his secretary, with the news and she burst into his office as if to congratulate him. Peter remembers the moment perfectly. "We shook hands, gripped for about eleven seconds, then got back to work. We've not gloated. Jack Cockwell is too smart to gloat, and I'm too nervous." ☐

## Residual mysteries in high places

On all the residual mysteries of the Branson/Edger affair is the strange role played by the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce Branson's banker since 1982, the Commerce has always maintained close touch with management. Three directors—Jake Moore, Alex Macintosh and Russell Harrison—at all boards.

When Branson decided to bid for Woolworth, the Commerce hesitated and in fact its pledge to advance the requested \$750 million loan was not included in the original document filed with Washington's Securities & Exchange Commission on April 9. All about the same time, William Miller, Branson's chief financial officer, went searching for alternate sources of funds but was turned down both by the Royal Bank and



Commerce chairman Harrison dealing with Woolworth was as agile and drive after

Deutsche Bundesbank in West Germany. The Commerce finally advanced the necessary credit, and a new effort did it. Its loan of \$750 million bore interest at 15 1/2 per cent, but allowed Branson to convert it to deposit certificates at 10 per cent so that the company's commitment could amount to only one-eighth of a percentage point. The problem was that the Commerce also happened to be the largest worldwide lender to the F.W. Woolworth Co.

Edward Gibbons, the chairman of Woolworth, accused the bank and its directors of sharing confidential information with Branson. The Commerce is in a conflict-of-interest position with the bank, he charges. Gibbons feels so strongly that he has not only withdrawn all his business from the Commerce, but is suing the bank and its directors for breaching their fiduciary duties to his company. Commerce chairman Patrick Maclean flew to New York recently and spent three hours attempting to persuade Gibbons to drop the case. He was not successful.

Meanwhile, Royal Bank clouds chairman Doug Gardner's lighted path and he's probably the last to be Woolworth's account for his case.

# Calling all lips to the listening post

**“W**hat should we say when we go out?” the businessman asked the prime minister. “What are you going to say to the press?” Replied Joe Clark. “You’re going out. We’re staying behind to receive the next delegation.” There was, however, so much microphone action and most of the activity took place within the Langview Building’s Room 411 as the 13 place cards were swept from the front-row tables arranged in a circle, replaced with two new tables for the next sitting. Clark had called 20 businessmen, most on only 72 hours’ notice, for consultation in Ottawa before the Tokyo summit meeting last week. With short notice meant little advance agency news, agenda items, participants say that topics included trade, the dollar, the Jerusalem embassy move, inflation and economic growth—with energy the main issue discussed at both 90-minute meetings.

Belton Chairman Peter Gordon reflected the views of most when he laid the first session: “Canadian energy prices must get to world levels as quickly as possible, while recognizing this will cause difficulties for Canada.” The additional money should go to oil and gas companies for exploration, he said. “And if the won’t explore, the money should be taken away.” While most agreed price increases should be hastened—while staying below U.S. levels—there was one dissenting voice: John Bellish, president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business. Pointing to the burgeoning \$4.7-billion Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund, he said, “We’ve got a serious recycling problem in Canada. The rest of Canada wants oil, but the money brings Alberta social problems. It’s enough to prevent Clark with his first High Noon.”

Before High Noon, however, came the duel at sunrise: the Jerusalem embassy issue. What participants later described as an impressionable plea against the move came from ATCO Industries Ltd. President Ron Southern, buttressed by Bell Canada Chairman Jean de Grandpré and Royal Bank President, president and chief executive officer of the Royal Bank of Canada. “Clark got it with both barrels,” recalled one participant. Remark of de Grandpré: “If we want to deal with the world, we should



Participants de Grandpré (above) and Gordon: the duel at sunrise



not destroy our efforts with one stroke of the pen.” Clark’s naming of former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield as a one-man Middle East task force probably was a step toward satisfying most of the two meetings. Said Ian Barclay, chairman of S.C. Forest Products Ltd. “If it pleases the people the move was displeasing, then it was a good step.” Several other specific proposals were made to Clark, who was joined by Secretary of State for External Affairs Flora Macdonald, Finance Minister John Crosbie and 1964-65 Prime Minister Jean Lesage and Joe Clark. A four-point energy program from Deane Peterson, President William Richards at the second session called more natural gas exports, immediate world prices for new oil, lower government royalties as the increment of the price between old and new oil, and extension of existing incentives on frontier oil.

The general government direction, however, may be to listen for some time yet before acting. Said one participant, “I got the impression they’re going to be pretty cautious for the first year. That’s good news,” he said. “We don’t need any more problems like the embargo row.” More important, however, was the feeling that, at last, something is happening. Said William Macdonald, president of the Canadian Nuclear Association. “For four or five years there has been a lot of talk, but nothing has been done. The new government has a lot more interest, or may be more pressure, at getting the energy situation sorted out.” Whether or not all the advice got beyond the Privy Council note-taker in the corner, the early impression is positive. Said one participant: “With Trudeau, you enjoyed the debate, but you weren’t sure whether you won or lost when you left the room. With Joe there was quite a different feeling—he listened. I felt I’d almost been talking to myself.” But, as Provincial Bank of Canada President Michel Bélanger commented later, “Only time will tell if this listening is a lasting thing.” **Roderick McQueen**

## Correction

The June 25 issue of Maclean's incorrectly reported that Rolpath Industries Ltd., Atlantic Sugar Refiners Co. Ltd. and St. Lawrence Sugar Ltd. were paid \$150,000 each for prices. In fact, the companies were awarded no charges of having conspired to artificially enhance the price of sugar. The fees were levied when a commission was recorded by the Quebec Court of Appeal, now under appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada, for comparing to similarly priced competitors.

# One man's tragedy is another man's laugh

**“T**hose who live according to measure shall perish, and those who don't shall perish.” That, in Alan Ayckbourn's own words, sums up the stark message of his play *Almost Perfect Stranger*, which opens this week at Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre with Charmine King and Donald Keir (who also directed). “A rather cynical morality play,” he calls it. A parable for our times, certainly, which gives a more devastating image of the unpleasant face of the capitalist class than the outpourings of a great many of Ayckbourn's more “commercial” fellow-writers.

But Ayckbourn would be the last playwright on earth to lay claim to a political motive. A balding, comfortable-looking 46-year-old, he's the most successfully successful British comedy writer since Noel Coward, with *Johns* Apart, his 15th play, recently following his other money-spinning hit onto

London's West End. The son of a novelist and a violinist with the London Symphony Orchestra, Ayckbourn began writing for stage after several lean and disappointing years of acting with repertory groups. Now with clockwork precision, he finishes a new play each winter at his home, in Scarborough, North Yorkshire, and with the same regularity his plays take London by storm. Ayckbourn's suburban farces, depicting the English suburban middle class at play, continue to be simultaneously hilarious and appalling, taking the subliminal message that the very mother of all farces is sheer desperation or, put more crudely, that one man's tragedy is another man's laugh.

*Almost Perfect Stranger*—noted best comedy of 1973 in Britain's prestigious Evening Standard Awards—shows how three married couples cope with three successive Christmas Eves, viewed in turn from their respective



Ayckbourn: mastering the hilarious face

kitchens while each couple plays host to the other two. The play's first director, Eric Thompson, told Ayckbourn it was the most monstrous set of people he had ever come across, the most monstrous of them, as survivors, social-climbing businessmen (Barrie Baldwin), who escape at the end a clear winner over the architect (Richard Parfitt) and the bank manager (Dove). After a comic reversal of fortunes, his former

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\$10,000 to \$80,000 apiece. It's all strictly illegal, but the laws are written in such a way that very few people have been convicted over the past few years. And even when they are convicted they get off lightly... a \$500 fine and maybe a few days in jail.

"They accept that as part of the risk in doing business. We have one of the weakest sets of protective legislation for archaeological resources in the world. In Sweden, for example, you can lose a head for this kind of thing."

Under the U.S. legislation, almost certain to be passed soon, however, the penalties will be severe not only for the robbers but also for those who deal in their "loot." Even curious tourists who unwittingly dig up relics—and previously have been allowed to get away with it—will, in future, be prosecuted and possibly fined a maximum of \$2,000 per violation.

The new laws are designed specifically, though, to ward off the professionals. Those who knowingly go in search of ancient artifacts or who deal in them after they have surfaced will stand the risk of a \$50,000 fine or five years in prison or both.

The last details of the new laws have not yet been worked out but it seems probable that collectors and tourists will still be able to go searching for arrowheads and old bullets on any sites they want and they will still be able to take artifacts less than 100 years old.

The new laws will also help Indian tribes who have complained bitterly about the desecration of graves and old religious sites. In Canada, Indian lands from Vancouver to Halifax have preserved excavation. John Hamilton Johnson of the Six Nations Reserve at Brantford, Ontario, says, "What would they think if we started going into cemeteries to dig up the graves of early settlers? It almost doesn't matter what the diggers do with the articles they find in a grave—the horrible thing is that they disturb the bones and spirits of our ancestors. It has to stop."

It is estimated that of more than 6,000 recorded ancient sites on national forest lands in Arizona, the so-called "hot baskets" have plundered some 50 per cent, so badly damaging them that their cultural and scientific value has been totally lost. In Colorado, 25,000 of 31,000 prehistoric sites have been destroyed.

Martin McAllister, an archeologist with the state of Arizona, puts it this way: "What's scarring is so massive looking for commercial purposes by individuals fully aware of the impact and illegality of their acts. We're losing our archeological heritage so fast that in 10 or 20 years we won't have any sites left except protected national monuments."

William Leather

## Medicine

### Dr. Gulliver's adventures in Lilliput

Writing on a New York subway platform three weeks ago, Kenneth Kato, a 27-year-old male student with hopes of becoming a professional diplomat, was pushed in front of an oncoming train. She survived the ordeal but her right hand was completely severed from her body.

Ripped across the Long Island railroad tracks, 31-year-old Beth McFadden found herself trapped by a speeding commuter train. It cut off her right leg just above the knee.

Ricky Barrett, 14, turned off the motor in the Brown hospital shop where he worked. But when he was asked down to pull out the dough, the machine kicked on and left Ricky's right hand dangling by a thin thread of skin and tendon.

The young people share more than the tragedy of losing a limb. In all three cases, doctors were able to reattach the lost limbs through microsurgery, a highly complex procedure which enables surgeons to repair blood vessels and nerves from 5 to 20 micrometers in diameter with sutures as delicate as they are only one-third the width of a human hair. Working with special microscopes which enlarge the operating field from eight to 30 times, the surgeons are able to do much more than

restore appearance and circulation to torn-vascularized areas. "What we are striving for is to repair the nervous system to the point where we can restore function to the replanted part," says Dr. Benish Strassch of New York's Montefiore Hospital, one of the pioneers in the field. "If people have their limbs without the proper sensation, someday could have their legs run over by a truck and not even feel it."

To make sure such a disaster does not overtake Beth McFadden, Dr. John Tennes of Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital, one of North America's leading microsurgical centers, has recently operated to reconnect the severed nerves in the girl's leg. (Earlier operations to rejoin Beth's blood vessels had already been done at Smithtown General Hospital in Long Island.) Notes Dr. Tennes, "Not only can we push things around, we are getting answers as to how the nerves function."

Microsurgery, one of medicine's newest and most fascinating sub-specialties, is giving doctors the ability to deal with a whole range of horrors

Microsurgery's mangled new right of two armies being joined. Kato (below) playing the role.



retractable problems. Terms and her Royal Victoria colleagues, Dr. Edwin Daniel and Dr. Robert Dykes, are pioneering techniques to aid paraplegic patients suffering spinal cord injuries which leave them paralyzed from the waist down. Confined to their beds without sensation, they lie motionless, not realizing their circulation is being cut off. The skin in contact with the bed dries, creating troublesome bedsores. The doctors are now developing techniques that involve lifting a whole island of skin with nerves from a "free" part of the patient's body. By grafting the new skin flap over the aggravated area and attaching the nerves to a nerve resected from an operative part of the spinal cord, sensation can be restored to the formerly inert region.

Microsurgeons are now using their advanced techniques on everything from reversing vasectomies to restoring fertility by opening up blocked fallopian tubes, to preventing blindness through delicate eye surgery. Neurosurgeons such as Dr. Jack Peay of New York's Albert Einstein Medical Center can greatly reduce the probability that the victim of a minor stroke will suffer a major attack by replacing minute arteries in the brain to increase the patient's blood supply.

Microsurgeons must have a large supply of a nonsterile commodity—patience. Doctors at New York's Bellevue Hospital worked for 16 hours to reattach Kenneth Kato's hand. Microsurgeon Strassch and co-surgeon Dr. Leonard Shumway spent 22 hours reattaching Ricky Barrett's mangled hand.

Surgeons are not yet sure that 70-to-80 per cent mortality which marks a successful operation will be enough to enable Renee Kato to pursue a career as a flutist. But in a hospital room bedecked with flowers sent by violinist Isaac Stern, the young woman vowed, "I'll play the flute again." Ricky Barrett's problems seem more immediately solvable. Just released after more than seven weeks in the hospital, the young man, cradling his arm in a cast, confides, "All I want to do now is go home."

Rita Christopher/Larry Black





## A poor sister in search of a light

Ever since its dramatic birth in Christmas Day, 1984, when the first studio-lit test transmission on Canada's shortwave radio station was sent across the Atlantic, Radio Canada International has always played poor sister to the CBC. Even back then, in the golden heyday of radio, the still-emerging broadcasting service was treated with "benign neglect," says its retiring director, Alan Brown. Today, the old days are just memories—

performers like Glen Gould, Maureen Forrester and Oscar Peterson. Today, the service no longer transmits test transmissions as it did during the Second World War, or as shortwave service like Radio Moscow and Radio Free Europe (the United States service) still do. Reporters at RCI are concerned only with providing consumer and news reports about Canada.

The current affairs packages are put together in the Montreal radio studios of RCI and sent out to five powerful transmitters standing high in the swampy Tatarum Marshes near Stockholm, New Brunswick, and from there to target areas like the United States, South America, Africa and Western and Eastern Europe.

Many of RCI's alicorns were diagnosed last fall when the CBC appeared before the Canadian Radio-Television Commission for renewal of its license. CBC



Producer Cameron Duple (above) working in Africa and Zimmerman. "Benign neglect"

commissioners pored over serious questions about the shortwave service. "We did not know if the service was going to be sustained by the CBC," says CBC chairman Pierre Côté in retrospect. Even within the CBC, active executives admit the shortwave service is at the bottom of their lists of concerns.

Only months before, the CBC had shelled \$115 million from the service's \$75-million operating budget, after CBC's own cuts had been announced. It was during this time that reporters

absented at RCI that the service was going to be shelved. About 11 of RCI's 225 jobs were dropped. Worse still, any chance of repairing or replacing RCI's rapidly deteriorating transmitters had to be shelved. In April, the CBC and there was "an urgent need" for Parliament to renew RCI's mandate.

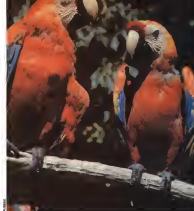
Someone this winter, the new federal cabinet is expected to try solving this historic conflict between CBC's domestic and international service. CBC is already preparing recommendations for the ministers. One alternative the cabinet will probably discuss is keeping the service within the CBC, to maintain its journalistic integrity, but giving it a separate budget. Then again, the service could just be scrapped.

One bright light for Zimmerman and RCI is the newly appointed Secretary of State David MacDonald, who is re-



sponsible for the CBC. Having travelled abroad himself, he says, "I know how important it is for Canadians abroad to stay in touch." Language veterans at RCI remember the few weeks back in 1980 when MacDonald, a United Church minister, worked as a volunteer for RCI at a Montreal religious conference. Left

enough is the knowledge that this time it's MacDonald's own message on RCI that counts. Johannes Laubecke



Parrots for every live bird, 25 may die

## Crime Smuggling: it's for the birds

A bird in the hand may be worth two in the bush, but a few hawk in cages is a hair dryer can fetch \$2,000. And that's a fact of which customs officers along the Canadian-US border are becoming increasingly aware. Organized bands of bird-smugglers are now believed to be operating between the two countries—luring in rare and exotic creatures which are already at the fringes of extinction. That is why United States federal authorities are planning a sharp crackdown.

It seems quite extraordinary, but there are wealthy collectors and even public men in the U.S. prepared to pay high prices and ask no questions when they hear that a rare bird is on the market. "Some of the people involved are just appalling individuals," says a spokesman for the National Audubon

Society. "They call themselves bird-lovers but they are really killing of the bird. Their actions take a tremendous toll on wildlife and they just don't seem to care."

Typically, the sale begins in the jungles of Southeast Asia or Latin America. A native, bribed by unscrupulous traders, will trap or snare a rare bird. How and why are the birds followed by gang parrots and songbirds of brilliant plumage.

The bird will be taken to a central collecting spot where the native is paid a paltry fee. Next, birds are flown in cages to Britain, where the laws on importing exotic birds are lax. From Britain they are shipped to Canada because no restrictions apply on bird imports between Commonwealth members.

At that point, their beaks are taped, their wings are tied and they are stuffed into unlikely carriers—hair dryers are often used—to be smuggled into the U.S. and on to the thriving black market. It is strictly illegal to bring threatened species protected by the laws of other lands into the U.S. But it is here that the most money is available for the exotic and the scarce.

"We are really upset about this trade," says Audubon Society spokesman Bob Boardman. "One of the grimmest facts is that our surveys show

that for every single bird that arrives here alive, another 20 to 25 have died along the route. Many, of course, are killed in the traps, others on the flight to Britain and still more die of fear or starvation as the smugglers try to get them over the border into the States."

In one case soon to come before a federal court in Syracuse, New York, it is alleged that six people, including the director of the Oklahoma City Zoo and a bird dealer from Ontario, were involved in an international conspiracy to smuggle a Bolivian harpy eagle—an endangered species—into the U.S. Charges followed a two-year joint investigation by the U.S. Customs Service, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the environmental crime section of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Apart from the eagle, an Australian boobyed scudae and an assortment of cockatoos, parrots, finches and exotic waterfowl are allegedly involved.

The U.S. authorities say that over a three-year period the birds were smuggled over the border from Canada between Alexandria Bay and Champlain, New York. Because the case has yet to come to trial they refuse to discuss it further.

The six men named in the federal indictments in Syracuse are Lawrence Curtis, the Oklahoma City zoo director, the late Canadian, Alastair Murdoch of Vancouver, HBI, Inc., a bird importer, Gordon Cook of Leicester, England, an aviculturist, Walter Perry of Water, Okla., a biology teacher, James Ross of Houston, a bird dealer, and Lee Rine of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, an animal trainer.

Dr. William Smith, veterinarian and federal officer with the agriculture department at Champlain, says that bird smuggling is most certainly on the increase as dealers and collectors try to circumvent extensive federal regulations governing the importation of wildlife.

Lawrence Curtis readily admits he paid \$12,000 for the harpy eagle which, he says, he bought in "good faith" in 1974. Since then the eagle—a spectacular bird a yard long from beak to tail, with a wingpan some that length—has had a national publicity. It has been a tour of the U.S. alone with a documentary film on the life of harpy eagles and has appeared on television several times. "We have made no attempt to hide this bird," says Curtis. "The charges are ridiculous, and when this bird is put on display you will see that we need out of it more."

If convicted, each of the men indicted faces fines of up to \$75,000 and terms of up to five years in jail.

William Lowther



## Science

# The Alien might just be you

Is mankind alone in the universe? Is life on this planet merely a cosmic accident? In the past few years, a small armada of space probes dispatched to nearby planets has consistently returned the more dispiriting verdict. Earth's siblings in the solar system are apparently lifeless worlds.

This search, however, has now taken a novel turn. Two Japanese scientists have proposed the stunning theory that each one of us may already be carrying messages from an "advanced civilization," which barged with our genes sometime in the distant past.

For the past two decades, the quest for extraterrestrial life has centered on intercepting radio signals beamed from some distant planet, that might now be reaching Earth. But this method is too hit-and-miss for the two Tokyo scientists, Hirokazu Yokoi and Tetsu Ohsawa, even if an entire galactic federation were trying to catch our attention, our antennas—such electronic ears such as Canada's Arecibo, Park radio telescope—would have to be pointing in the right direction, at the right time and turned to the right frequency. The odds against success are insurmountable.

Instead, the Japanese scientists theorize that a higher civilization would communicate personally. They believe they may have spotted such a signal in some unusual and, apparently, unexplained sequencing in the genetic structure of a common bacterial virus. They report that the DNA molecule (deoxyribonucleic acid) which carries the gen-

etic blueprint for the virus—and for all forms of life—seems to have been tampered with in a way that cannot be explained by natural causes. This bizarre discovery was disclosed in a recent issue of *Journal*, an international journal for studies of the solar system.

The Japanese researchers suggest that alien scientists manufactured the virus in such a manner that its molecular structure contains a message as as yet undiscovered chemical. Messages, along with the usual genetic instructions that govern the life functions. The virus, with its genetic telegram, was then launched into space to drift until it reached habitable worlds like Earth where it duplicated itself and spread across the planet. The scientists say that the virus, called phage Phi-174, now infects a bacterium "rehabilitating the colonies of the only intelligent beings on earth." So far they have not been able to break the complex code and translate the alleged message.

A spokesman for NASA's Extraterrestrial Research Division, John Billingham, says the idea is initially being viewed with "a little healthy skepticism." After billions of years of evolution "it wouldn't be surprising if there were some nonrandom structuring in the DNA molecule anyway." Nevertheless, if the Japanese researchers reveal that we are all carriers of an interstellar greeting, it could add a haunting new twist to Marshall McLuhan's assertion that, "the medium is the message."

Allen Bailey

## Justice

# In seven nations: settling women's rights en masse

When specialists on the changing role of women all descend next week in Paris for meetings of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe, they will find at least one item on the agenda to distract them from observations. They'll hear a report on an unprecedented women's rights case in which seven European nations are being sued for permitting sexual discrimination in industry.

The seven countries, all members of the European Community, are being sued by the Community's own legal watchdog, the European Commission in Brussels. The commission acts like an anti-trust agency safeguarding free competition, in this case in the employment market, its action is being taken on economic, not altruistic, grounds. Sexual discrimination has been outlawed—in principle at least—for 25 years by Article 119 of the Treaty of Rome, the European Community's constitution, but until now it has been largely ignored. Although the gap between male and female earnings has been narrowing in all European Community nations, except France where it has widened. The commission's case rests on two supranational laws and will be judged by the European Court in Luxembourg, which has supremacy in Community matters over national courts.

Britain is being sued because the concept of equal pay for equal work is given a "restrictive interpretation" there. France, Belgium and Luxembourg are named because some pay differences in those countries are restricted to employees defined as "heads of households"—and women are traditionally barred from that category. Denmark is cited for not providing equal pay for work of equal value. Holland for excluding women in the public sector from protection under their equal pay law. And Germany for failing to bring in legislation on equal pay.

Although proceedings have officially begun, there is still a chance the case will be settled out of court. About two months ago, the seven governments were given 60 days to explain their positions, and their replies are now coming in. The commission is preparing arguments for the guidance of national governments but if they fail to conform it will proceed with its case.

Thomas Land

# The spirit of the Czar lives on. Wolfeschmidt Vodka is here.

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Wolfeschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

## Wolfeschmidt Genuine Vodka

## 'Tis time to apply a J Cloth to my crystal ball and ponder the destiny of the medium

By William Caselesman

Writing this final column, after a fall season reviewing TV, I feel the medium is about to speak in the voice of Jacob wrestling with the angel: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Thanks, I'll pass. A TV critic hopes there's as much as a word after months of propounding mysticisms with toothpicks for nine months. By the way, folks, that's me in the corner, grinning as my *Heath Pappas*, passing the bat for a bottle of *Midas*, and gently saying, "Calcutta, you're my woman now."

'Tis time to ponder the season past and apply a J Cloth to my crystal ball while asking: Where is TV going? No sneaking out now. This is heavy. Besides, I locked the door. The present whirling-begut ball full with a visit to my doctor. I learned that my prostate must was very low. I had feared that something was serious—each astrological analysis Jack Hermer speeches had been working at it. My doctor was fresh out of analysis, so instead I dined the critical food and, whirling dervish, set out to search history for individuals who might inspire me while reviewing TV shows. I found them easily: Captain Jack, *Torqued*, *Archie*, the *Blair*. In brief, the editors tried to get *Archie* to write this column, but he was out of town—spending the high season in Timex.

This was the year a mini-series called *The new rich* was touting in the terms "post-fading." The *Blair* presidential Newsletter of the '90s really sleep with Ray Sorenson, his plucky British body driver. After six numbing hours we still don't know. Maybe he just snuggled up with a warm tank. Note to American producers: when censoring the series, look one is to keep the celebs awake.

One more this season the CBC failed to learn that talk shows are not about songs or guests or content talk shows are about the host. If he's dull, the TV camera switches 800 transit. Peter Cusack in this case to edit a book, *Survive Toast*, in which he accomplished

what even God could not be made spring barriers. In this manner, with well-decorated book around neck, smiling Paul Soler (dick walked backward into the wings, still emitting every day question "Would you... could you... of course, I'm sure you could. I wouldn't say, I mean question you, if, well, I guess you know what I...")

These came our winter spring and CBC rallied with much confidence. *The News*, *Connex*, *Connection II*, *Drinking Up the Streets*, the National Film Board's *swag-*

will also edit after one more season.

In the year's most idle frolics, *Knowlton Nash* acted the helm of CBC's *The Monstrous Owl* (it got a boost, and *Knowlton* became a legend in his own mind. Should we tell him that even *Lance* looking the wire copy would get ratings?)

TV producers ransacked English literature again and dragged whispering to the tale novels such as Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again*. An early, great-champion of Wolfe may have been, but he was not the swarthy port portrayed by actor Chris G. random. Look homebrewed, Wolfe, and melt with rue. The most outstanding transformation of literary material, worthy of *Isabelle* in the street, was NBC's *Too Far to Go*, a

poeticomic examination of marriage dissolving, based on John Updike's short stories in *The New Yorker*. Loving language was paid Updike's hard-wrought insights, and two careful actors, *Stella* Charner and Michael Murray, let us watch fantastically the pain of one modern, drifting couple. *Too Far to Go* made good for many a stoddy hour of turgor.

So where is our wandering (re)film going? The TV business sees health and frightened. That's hopeful. The electronic road ahead is body-tripped with lasers, videoclips, three optical, microchips, new satellites and cable-able to be in the hands of the present audience held by American and Canadian television networks.

In the race of elites to come, when each of us has 100 channels, there'll be a big hunger of sleek, more elegant, than it is dressed of, even in the hands of that foul King Midas, Freddie Silverman. But also more chance to find a diamond or two glimmering in the weak. Finally, let us ignore both *Harley Boyle* and the *Clyde Commission* as they bleed for further rebel studies of the cat. Just kick a little cat in the headwaters.

Well, that seems to be where I came in.



death, latter self-history *Max Anybody Here* (see Canada). We saw *Coming and Going*, a moving documentary about a terminal case named as *Max*, who'd lost his head. General Hospital, and *Portman*, a brisk, fast-paced series about teenage issues made surprisingly lively. While *CBC* made good progress, *CBC* made good, which is pleasant. Next year *CBC* can attempt some content.

Sitcoms are forever like *Seinfeld* as you keep rubbing your eyes, but they won't go away. With the auto-horror-cry "Nann-nann," *Robin Williams* sprang to notice on *Mark and Mandy*. The series is one original comic, Williams in interviews is already, sounding pure. "They're going to destroy *Moby*," he says nervously of his series.

Other superb comedians such as *Lily Tomlin* and *Cheryl Chase* used TV brilliantly. Then, perceiving that weekly exposure would destroy them, would switch to film and change their talent, they left *Robin Williams*, I predict,



## Books

# Our Lady of the Walking Wounded

THE WHITE ALBUM  
by John Updike  
(Penguin \$20.95)

One of the essays in this collection of essays is called *On the Morning After the Stephen Jones Dedication* writing about the early '80s from the vantage point of 1980. "We were that generation called 'silent,' but we were silent neither, as some thought, because we shared the person's official optimism nor, as others thought, because we feared by official repression. We were silent because the exhilaration of social action seemed to many of us just one more way of escaping the personal, of making for a while that dread of the emptiness which was most basic."

In her introduction (*Recovering Towards Bethlehem*) and fiction (*Play It as It Lays*, *A Book of Common Prayer*), Dedication has tended to focus on this interpretation of man's fate inevitably, the setting in her native California, a book where the vectors of fact and fantasy converge with most telling effect. Inevitably, the perspective is filtered through a pessimism that can isolate the symbols, decode the anxious and reflections of the given situation so that that dread never seems muted for long. For writers are more apt at communicating contemporary anxieties. And inevitably, in the clinical recounting of her own frequently uncertain, possible balance, Dedication endows her descriptions of the general anxiety with a surrealistic specificity, becoming the reader's surrogate anxiety—*Our Lady of the Walking Wounded*.

The whiplash of this pessimism reveals in an acute conservatism, a conservatism informed by a strong sense of place. Most of the essays in *The White Album* have, in one form or another, appeared already in various journals and magazines. They reflect that sense of place. Dedication's charmingly evocative account of an assembly dry-as-dust subject—the transportation of California water supply, her demands for the surprising modesty of the governor's mansion no greater than his in a devastatingly funny glimpse of Hollywood liberalism. Also her famous piece on the *Dead Men* as a key determinant in movie power equations. And a lot more



Dedication: anatomy of the meaningless

The occasional lapses are forgivable (even at times called by an undue solemnity, an attitude at times too redolent of morbid sentimentality). The unsavory fact is that John Dedication is one of the most published, bestselling writers around.

John Dedication

## Heads or hearts? The hearts won

PREFACE TO A MARRIAGE LETTERS & DIVORCES OF JOHN COUTLER & OLIVE CLARE  
by John Updike  
(Simon/Penguin \$19.95)

The course of true love could hardly have run less smoothly than it did for John Coutler, an Irish playwright and journalist (see *Portrait*, page 34), and Olive Clare Primrose, a writer born 14 days after Toronto's wealthy Harringtons in London in 1908. They married in Toronto after eight years' courtship, heretics, fitness and long separation. Now, eight years after his wife's sudden death, Coutler has published the letters he and Olive exchanged during their last year of courtship, along with her journals and his explanations. The result—a tender, painful mixture of love and annoyance—is one of the most curious books of the season.

Prelude to a Marriage begins and ends in the middle. "I have described [our first] meeting in my memoirs, *My Day*... Of our married life thereafter I have written on my memoirs, *My Day*." The middle is that *Is My Day* remains unpublished [due to appear

this fall], and in its absence *Prelude* to a Marriage is a detail, a fraction: hardly worth looking for a bottle. Without some knowledge of Coutler's extraordinary life, it seems strangely flat. A man who published his first play more than 60 years ago, who lived for a time in James Joyce's Bloomsbury Tower near Dublin, who co-edited the Canadian Arts Council, whose trifling of *Bel* plays began the "Real boom"—nothing of all this is even hinted at. Neither, more damagingly, does Coutler discuss his feelings on departing Ireland and turning Canadian—in a 1940 poem Coutler spoke of the unbridled grief in the heart of the immigrant exile... he is a man with himself of our. More damagingly yet, he barely mentions his artistic ambitions and never explains the origins, nature and full significance of the turbulent friendship with his fast-made, the painter James Shearer.

Most extraordinary of all, Coutler never suggests his age yet surely his passion for Olive, a dozen or so years younger, gives even more force and beauty if you know that in 1936 Coutler was already 28 (19's still over 19), and still writing 90.



The Coutlers: love to us distance and grief

These flaws and page hurt *Prokols* is a Marriage, but they don't run it. What remains is an intricate, occasionally loquacious picture of two people whose heads kept interfering with their hearts. Thank goodness the hearts triumphed in the end. Their letters are rich, thoughtful and tender—the world is but a backdrop for emotion. There lived on grief and distance; it gave them 35 years of happy marriage and on this scarred and shining book.

Mark Adler

## Only childish

ONLY CHILDREN  
by Anne Lurie  
(Random House of Canada, \$10.95)

There is no plot, only a situation: two couples and three children spend a Fourth of July weekend at the Catskills summer home of the headmistress of a progressive school. Although it is 1995, much of the '70s (no-

tably feminism) re-emerged. During an emotionally messy three days, couples squabble, make passes, discuss politics and love as relationships deteriorate. The children fantasize and accidentally overhear the adults at their most childish.

Anne Lurie, acclaimed for her previous novel *The War Between the Tates*, here chooses to mix narrative devices, alternating between eavesdropping on the children's inner and the adults' outer lives. Both narratives are intentionally superficial. She attempts to show the world through children's eyes and this is consistent with their observations. This is skilfully done—all the characters, adults and children alike, are eventually revealed as unpleasant and unhappy and a bit exaggerated.

The ending indicates that the book is about the lack or even the inadequacy of love, but the lesson is learned by listening to an eight-year-old speak. Lurie has a sentimental view of children, which gives their perceptions too much weight. Although the adults are not wise enough to teach us directly about love, the author should be, if that is her hope. If she is not, it is misleading for her to hide behind the children she has created.

David Weinberger

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## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### FICTION

1. *The Mistress Circle*, Lurie (1)
2. *So Good an Girl*, Heller (2)
3. *Shiloh*, Travolta (3)
4. *The Last Enchantment*, Stewart (6)
5. *The Island*, Bachtyer (4)
6. *Overland*, Marley (5)
7. *War and Remembrance*, Husk (8)
8. *Chesapeake*, Shickler (9)
9. *Ghost Story*, Shook (10)
10. *The Biggest Project*, Wallace (7)

### NONFICTION

1. *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation*, Gislain (1)
2. *Raymond Chandler*, Trueman (2)
3. *The Politics That Is, Robertson* (3)
4. *Lupinus Rex*, By Miquel, Bacci (4)
5. *The Complete Scientific Method*, Diaz, Fainman/ Singer
6. *Overland*, Marley (5)
7. *Seattle Living and Looking*, Mulvihill (6)
8. *At Sea With the Sea*, James (9)
9. *A Massey War*, Lamont (10)
10. *Homeless Queen*, Crawford (18)

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## Films

# The sweet squeal of success

She doesn't have Marilyn Monroe's curves or Lauren Bacall's seductiveness or Katharine Hepburn's breezy sophistication, but Miss Piggy has something none of the other great ladies of the screen can lay claim to—animal magnetism. With the release of her first wide-screen spectacular, *The Muppet Movie*, the diva Miss P joins the ranks of the superstars. Her performance has already prompted formation of the kind of pressure group necessary to win her filmfest's highest accolade: the Committee to Award Miss Piggy the Oscar.

At a jam-packed press conference, Miss Piggy with Kermit the Frog in tow turned the full blast of her piggy wit on the assembled reporters. As ever, when dealing with an unctuous stream of legendary charms, the question of romance was the first to come up. Are the rumors about her and Kermit true? "We're engaged," squealed the lady, not quite hiding the delight in her ark. But her certainty was shortlived. Without so much as a yiffle, Kermit shattered the dream: "That's a blatant lie. Despite all the rumors going around, there is no personal involvement between the lady pig and me."

Miss Piggy took it like the real trooper she is. The show went on. She and Kermit set up lines and knocked them down with the smoothness of a Burns and Allen vaudeville routine. How is her French? "As you are asking me?" roared Piggy. "She gets most of that stuff off perfume bottles," revealed Kermit. When they returned to the set, "When they return to the set," Miss Piggy snarled without reason, a cue. Would she abandon her career for Kermit? "For my frog, I'd give it a try," she purred, "but I won't give up my green skin."

It was a wonderful game, grown men and women track minutes with two foam-rubber and latex puppets, until a two-headed youngster in the audience unwittingly turned the press conference from show-biz hype into entertainment news. "Miss Piggy," he asked, "who do you hang out with when you're not on the show?" The boy could clearly see



Miss Piggy wiggles as the arm of Pinak On and Kermit arduously translated by Muppets' creator Jim Henson.

The diva Miss Piggy caught with her leg prince Kermit: actual affection.

Miss Piggy wiggles as the arm of Pinak On and Kermit arduously translated by Muppets' creator Jim Henson, but despite the visible evidence he still believed with the kind of passion that extends well beyond youthful naivetes. "I'd say about 15 per cent of the letters Miss Piggy gets are from adults," says On. It's a suspension of disbelief owing most to the overwhelming perfection and intercalation of the Muppetry. For Kermit's opening swan song scene in the movie, Henson cranked out of sight beneath the water in a large aluminum tube for as four hours at a stretch. During the cross-country drive piloted by Fozzie, several Muppet masters crumpled themselves beneath the dashboard of the car, covered by a technique named in the truck guiding the vehicle by television monitor. In one of the best sequences, Kermit took along the road on a bicycle completely powered by remote control. After a spectacular crash with a steamroller the literal stroboscopic sight, "Gone with the Swamp."

The success of the Muppets, now beloved in more than 100 countries, amply proves Jim Henson's contention that her appeal stretched far beyond teaching the A's to the S's. Recently turned down by U.S. networks, Henson convinced British entertain-

ment magazine *Big Little* to reproduce a big-budget Muppet series. With *The Muppet Show* now entering its fourth season, Miss Piggy has filled international airwaves with such memorable moments as *Swine Lake*, her unforgettable pas de deux with Rowlf the Dog, and square-offs with the likes of Raquel Welch and Marvin Haskins. For bonuses who want to stay clear of her famed karate chops, Miss Piggy's advice is simple: "Don't ever try to look prettier than me—it's futile."

All these wonders emanate from the heart of Muppetdom, a recently refurbished New York townhouse that is the headquarters of Henson Associates, known to its members as "the Muppet Studio." Miss Piggy's wig stand neatly atop a long table, two holes cut into their crowns for those delicate ears. Nearby are stacks of material for the legendary porker's out-lit—made so malleable about it, Miss Piggy is a lady who knows how to dress. Like the movie queen of old, special press releases are tossed on her latest appointments, including such show-stoppers as a "chickletta 'shabby' coat over a grey satin dress, black clutch bag and a grey saddle hat [and] grey pumps with open toes of the kind popu-

## The fuzzy farm — without the fuzz

THE MUPPET MOVIE  
Directed by James Frawley

**T**he Muppet Menagerie—Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, The Great Gonzo, Animal, Oscar the Grouch, and the rest of the zoo parade troupe's most popular show—has come to the movies. And *The Muppet Movie* packs all the thigh laughs and excitement of a well-trodden comic. The cinematic prowess of the TV show is missing, as is the rapport the show establishes between Jim Henson's furry puppets and the guest stars. In its place, writers Larry Jink and Jack Burne have fashioned an intriguing—but not quite hilarious—entertainment which feels somewhere between a unique TV show and a successful movie.

The spotlight is on Kermit, a pleasant, clean-cut frog with stardom on the rise. Kermit is the calm, unflinching eye, surrounded by a herd of wild and lovable creatures—and that's true for the Muppet TV show. But a movie needs a more dynamic central figure. Kermit, alas, is no frog prince, and the movie suffers for a delivery Muppet wasn't exactly Mr. Clean either. And that's probably why Walt Disney never built a fantasy film around him.

On their TV show, the Muppets and their guest stars fit smoothly into a measured

comical, surreal, old-timey and a big production number. But the Muppet movie is burdened with a story line, and though it's so thin, complex than the narrative of *The Wizard of Oz*, Kermit sets off to meet a Hollywood mogul (and on the way picks up some unlikely friends and warhorses). So often, the movie has to stop dead in its tracks to make a plot point. The story could have been as simple as a doleful tale on which the writers would hang sketches and bits of business that played to the comic sensibilities of the Muppets and such stars as Milton Berle, Bob Hope, Madeline Kahn and Richard Pryor. Instead, the cameo appearances are often no more than a few seconds long, and except for Mel Brooks (as a mad German-Jewish scientist) and Steve Martin (as a sarcastic waiter), the stars are given little chance to shine.

Still, there is Miss Piggy. This endearing amalgam of Scarlett O'Hara and Bette Midler, of Elizabeth Taylor and Mavis Lane of sugar and spice—and it truth be told, of Elizabeth and Deyzel—fills every

frame of her appearance into a series of golden moments. Her admirers have long avoided the image of that upturned snout that porcine quickshade. Those eight-inch eyelashes are the big thing, though. Her debut is worth the wait. Miss Piggy is introduced—40 minutes into the movie, as the winner of a beauty contest—and her dreamy love duel with her beloved, Kermit, are the high points of the Muppet movie, and indeed of the movie year.

All praise to Frank Oz, the Muppet maestro who created and inspired Miss Piggy. With witlines in TV movies and melodrama, Jim Henson may be the next Disney. But Frank is the Wizard of Oz.

Richard Corliss

Creator Jim Henson  
with cameo stars

Steve Martin

Paul Williams

Terry Southern



James Caan

lensed by Joan Crawford in the '30s. Of course, Miss Piggy's elaborately costumed fawn rubber clogs drive only with the grace of her Muppet master. Frank Oz knows her temperamental psyche backward and forward. "She is great to play because she has such great conflict. She is really torn. She wants her frog but she wants stardom, too. There is real pain there." Oz ought to know. He made her what she is today. She started as a bit player in a sketch (the heaven-farthest) starring other pigs, but once Oz got a hand on Pryor's high-strung ape, she was out of the chorus

line and up front where she belonged. "Gave Piggy got started, there was no math we could do," confesses Henson. "She just took over." Henson, a soft-spoken man who made his first puppet in high school, says his own best line for Kermit: "I think Jim likes to hide behind Kermit in public," says one associate. Explains Henson: "There's a lot of me in Kermit and vice versa. He is so good. He can let Piggy do her thing because he knows who he is. It's the glue that holds everything together."

At the rate the Muppet engine is growing, Henson will need an entire

glue factory to keep things together. Muppet faces grab everything from place mats and coffee mugs to the inevitable T-shirts and bed linen. There is talk, naturally, of a movie sequel and even of bringing the Muppets to Broadway. But one thing you can be sure of—there will never be a Muppets restaurant. "Frogs' legs!" says The Muppet Show's executive producer David Lazer, wrinkling his nose. "I just couldn't eat them. After all, I've known Kermit such a long time."

Rita Christopher

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## People do not read newspapers: they get into them, as they would a warm bath

By Alan Fotheringham

**W**hat do you do in a city where you can't find out who has just died? It would seem a somewhat eccentric town, but if there are no daily newspapers—as there have not been in Vancouver for the past eight months until last week—how can you keep track of your buddies who have popped off? It might not strike me or those as an item of surprising interest, but if you are of a certain age, where such matters tend to creep into the mind, where your circle of friends, relations, acquaintances (even delicious enemies) is in that category, what you say to people at parties and on the street is greatly influenced by the retroactive health of those they hold near and dear. What do you do if you are a florist in a city that has had no newspapers for eight months and for eight months no friends or relatives (see above) know when to order the funeral tributes? It seems a newspaperman grossly—gross—forgetful before the (un)timely school chime of Woodward and Bernstein—to learn that the major voices of a newspaper shutdown is not truth, justice or democracy, but the fund.

There are certain other things that affect a city deprived of print. We are all creatures of habit and without our daily fix—staring disconsolately, with a subtle twick, before an empty newspaper—we are left with the distant, alternative to communication with one's fellow man. Sociologists and more amateur styarns have noted that during newspaper shutdowns in Britain the most terrifying thing is that the buttoned-up English consumer is forced to look across the aisle of his subway train or subway car into the eyes of another human being, his protective blanket of see-no-and-over striped from him by a white streak of hairy-handed printers. It is not news the consumer is buying; it is a barrier to mankind. At 39 pence, cheap protection for the soul.

It was Robert Palford who once wrote of a terrifying experience. Returning to

Toronto by train from Detroit, he miscalculated and ran out of reading material, every available newspaper and magazine devoured. He was then forced, he realised, with the prospect that every journalist dreams, he had to think. It was the only alternative left to him. Marshall McLuhan has explained that people do not, in fact, read newspapers; they get into them, as they would a warm bath. The real joy of a daily paper is that there is so much you can throw away, so much that is completely irrelevant to you but obviously vital to



someone else. There are millions of women extant who would go to an orgy before they would stir the sports pages. The stock tables are not read and drink to a perfunctory skimmed, meaningless gibberish to the majority. The crossword puzzle? These are those whose daily intellectual sustenance begins there and ends with Ann Landers. Beware the editor who mistakenly leaves either out. The best training for any newspaperman is a session as a youngster on the news desk answering the phones. There and only there does one learn one's pecking order in the complaints are about the missing bridge column, or the colour masses, or the wrestling results. No one owes over a Pulitzer Prize winner goes AWOL or a politician's machine goes unrecorded. It is the grant of lifelessly wad-women searching for a comparison in the persons in columns, the tide tables and the change of water colours that is missed.

There is a beauty and a vitality that disappears from a town without papers,



the common herd separated into individual molecules in their own space rather than united by shared information. Politicians become strangely irrelevant, when they exist by propaganda, are creators of the press and, since they have no press to bend and stroke and use as an echo board, tend to shrink into the void that brings no answers.

They complain, rightly so, that they can't get no playback, no rebound, to warn them of stragglers from the public mood. The Polish press, quite wisely, was given explicit instructions as to the biased nature of the required coverage of the original tear of Pope John Paul II. An unfettered press, by giving a hint of the enthusiasm, would have been dangerous to Clark's handlers. Herofic of the business tycoon of Vancouver beckoned, did not let him enter the site once for a formal speech during the entire two months of the campaign. Without the papers to warn the public that the man who would soon be prime minister was afraid to come into the third largest city in the country, the Tories were able to get away with the manipulation and—no perfect their giveaway—had Clark address one Saturday morning crowd at a beach the weekend before the election. He never ventured indoors once and radio and TV let him get away with it.

The missing aspect of the electronic press during a newspaper strike is that it gets worse, not better. It is because they are full-time vultures, electronic scavengers, who get their teeth from the papers with their vastly superior snuff. Without papers to clip book, radio and TV reporters wander in a void, looking for the manual that will tell them where to go and what is relevant. The proper fate of modern politicians who have inverted the despicable "photo-opportunity" is to be left in a world with nothing but cameras. Mr. Dunning would soon be overpowered. Eight months is a long time without a daily fix, too long for an addict who both creates and then devours the monster.

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